

The
**Industrial
Pioneer**

May, 1925

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

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May Day

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS



THE First of May . . . What does it mean to you?

Ah, let me tell you what it means to me!

It means the glory and the bravery

Of those bright souls that Hate could not subdue;

It means the tragedy, the misery

That countless hosts of labor have passed through

It means the heart to dare, the will to do;

The sacrifice of those who gladly died

That Freedom might abide

Among the scarred and bleeding ranks of toil—

If only as a vision in the heart

Of yonder serf that wrestles with the soil,

Of yonder slave that labors in the mart.

May Day it means to me

The day that tyrants quake

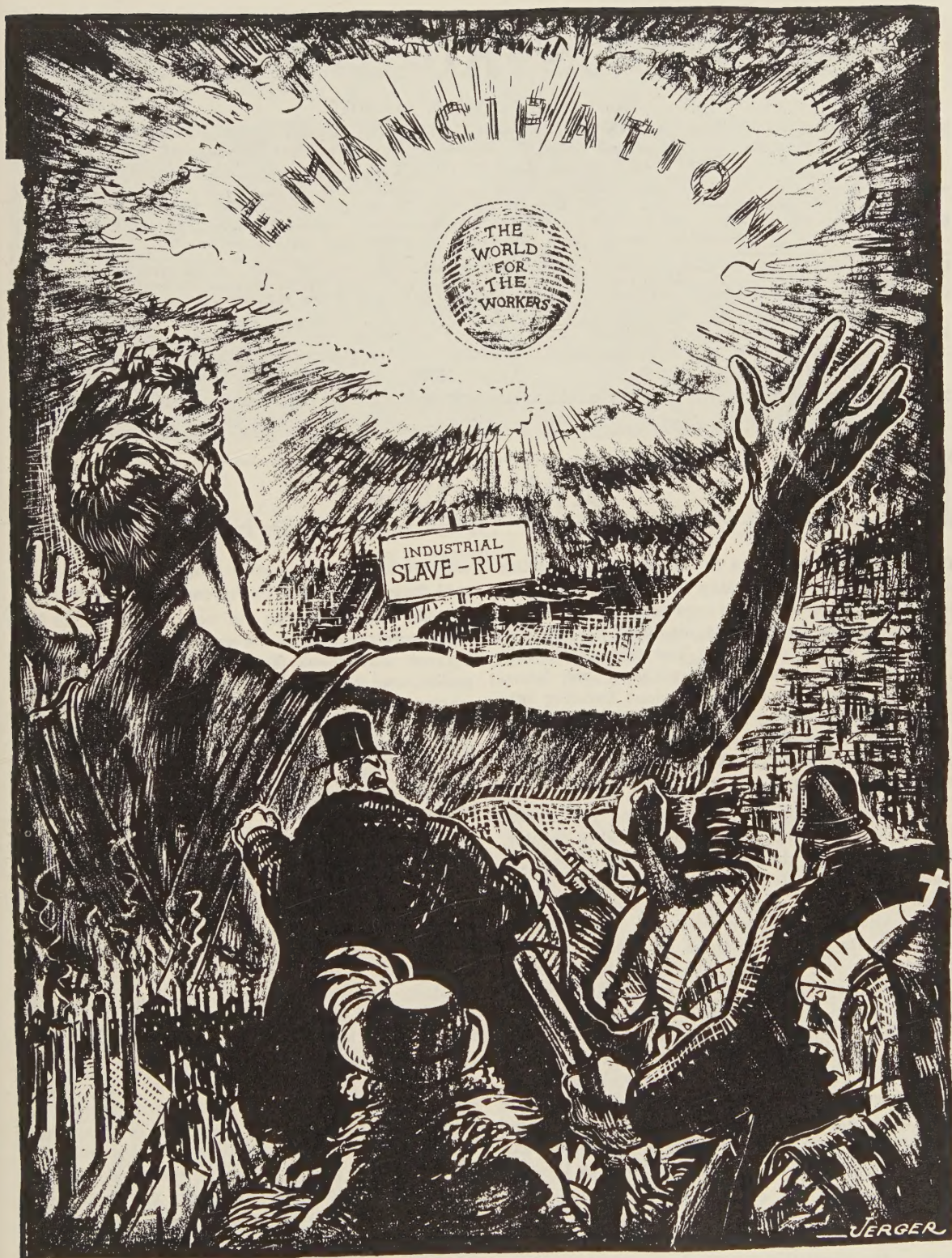
To hear the chains that slaves arise and shake

In every land and clime, on every sea.

O, Hunkies, Wops, America white, black,

Lift up your heads and shoulders—throw them back—

This is your Day, your Vision! March—be free!



M(A)Y DAY!

THE CHURCH(SOLICITOUSLY), "MY GOOD BROTHER,
YOU MUST STAY BOWED DOWN IN THE RUT!
ITS LABORS DUTY!"

KEPT PRESS(HYSTERICALLY), "YOU
BEAST! GET DOWN! YOUR PLACE
IS IN THE SHADOWS, NOT IN
THE SUN!"

BIG BUSINESS TO THE ARMY
AND POLICE(SAVAGELY), WATCH
HIM! IF HE DOESN'T GET
DOWN, KNOCK HIM DOWN!"

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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Editorials



ORGANIZE ON MAY DAY—You are all so familiar with the facts related to May Day's historic significance, that there is hardly need to trace its origin. You know how ancient and medieval peoples welcomed the return of spring; how they rejoiced in the reawakening and rebirth of flora and fauna. They felt revived by this glorious bursting into the joy of living, after long confinement in winter's prison. We share this racial heritage, this spontaneous happiness. Our gladdened spirits surge anew at vernal beauty and skies that have cleared.

But May Day has another meaning for revolutionary workers, one that is incomparably greater. This day has been chosen by them to celebrate every class aspiration, attempt, act and achievement for freedom along the bloody trail of class rule. Recorded history, it has been truly said, is one of class struggles. Its annals are those of conflict between divergent social interests. The old battle between the useful people and the drones has survived in pitiless bitterness through ages. Names of victor and victim have changed, but always has there been the spectacle of miserable workers painfully creating wealth, and ruling idlers consuming and destroying it. Master and slave, patrician and plebian, baron and bondman, lord and serf—always the same fundamental fight, the same fierce oppression and heartless exploitation of the useful many by the useless few.

Now in our matchless epoch of superlative democratic opportunity there is the employer and employee, the capitalist legalized plunderer and the outraged wage slave. These classes continue the ancient contest in a life and death struggle. They are at grips, and it so happens that machine evolution is now ready to admit of social arrangements in which there is to be no master and no slave. The

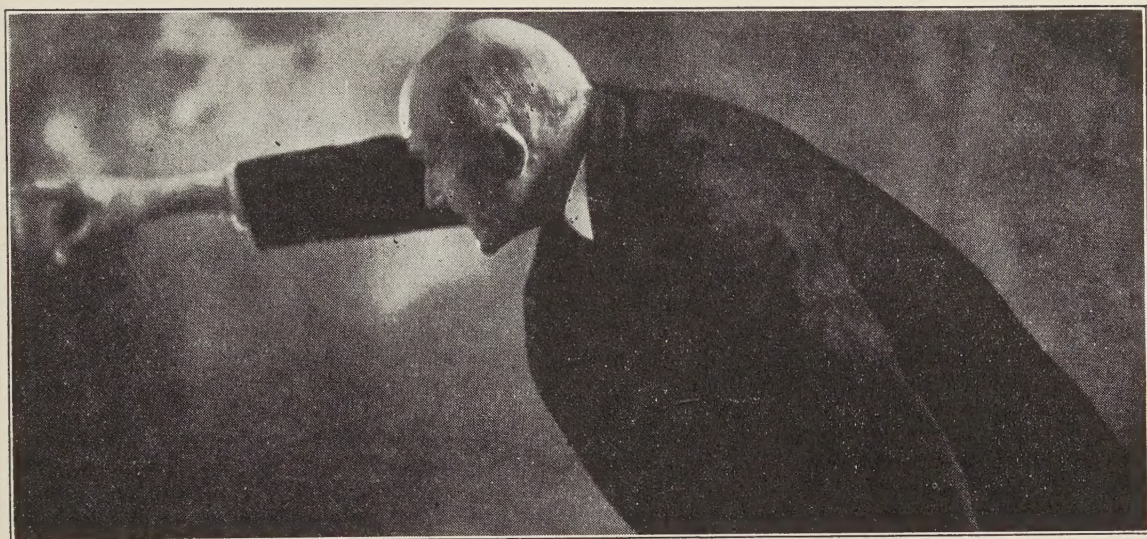
workers are marching with progress. They can retard their victory, but in the end they must win the struggle.

Already they they dare to envision a dreamland of their liberation. They are learning to act together, and to think in terms of industrial organization. They have challenged the dear boss, and they have set aside a day from the time otherwise devoted to making profits for him. On this day they come together with their fellow workers. This is heresy, blasphemy, sacrilege, lese majeste, treason, rebellion and all the other horrible sins that are a joy to our hearts and a terror to bourgeois vermin thriving on the living body of the proletariat.

May Day is our day, wrested from a class that palsies with fright whenever workers get together for common cause. We meet our fellow workers in fraternity. We salute them throughout the world, and pledge labor's international solidarity. We proclaim a universal union of proletarian interests. We have no bars because of race, or color, or tongue, none because of sex or faith. We have the same interests as workers, and we have nothing in common with the capitalist class. That is the natural and scientific alignment of the modern subject class seeking its freedom. And May Day is a harbinger of this freedom. When we have educated the workers and rallied them to build up sufficient organized power we are going to take every day in the year for the workers. Every day through the swing of the seasons to establish the kind of a world that we want, a fellowship of effort and leisure. We want a world of helpfulness and understanding to heal the wounds of class oppression, and to give to humanity the art of living happily.

Today we are preparing to strike from our bodies

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May Day and the Working Class

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE request for an article from the editor of the Industrial Pioneer for the May Day issue comes at a time when I am so fully occupied with other matters that I can hardly hope to do justice to that publication, but I must, at least, do the best I can in the way of a May Day greeting to the Industrial Pioneer.

Before me as I write there lies a copy of the April issue of this working class publication, and I wish first of all to commend the editor and the organization it represents for the excellence of its contents. It is gotten up in most attractive form, printed on first class paper, is well illustrated pictorially, while its various departments are filled with articles of a wide scope by writers of the highest standing in the labor movement.

The Industrial Workers of the World, of which the Industrial Pioneer is an official publication, will soon have rounded twenty years of organized existence, and from beginning to end it has been a tempestuous period in the struggle of the American workers for industrial emancipation. No labor union in the entire history of the labor movement has been as shamelessly misrepresented, as relentlessly persecuted, as brutally attacked, and as savagely hunted down by the ruling class and its minions and mercenaries as the Industrial Workers of the World. During the recent international butchery when "patriotism" was the watchword on the lips of every traitor, coward and hireling, its offices were repeatedly raided, its books and other effects confiscated, its literature was destroyed, its meeting places mobbed, its workers assaulted, beaten up and jailed, and its organizers lynched and murdered in cold blood with the connivance of the public authorities and with the whole-hearted approval and applause of the bourgeois moron multitude.

But the organization still lives to celebrate May Day, 1925, and to marshal its forces for renewed attack upon the system which branded it as outlaw when itself was the criminal, the arch-criminal whose victims are to be found wherever workers toil and produce in servitude and are condemned to poverty and to die in despair.

As these lines are written the eight members of the Industrial Workers of the World serving life sentences at Walla Walla, Washington, for defending their hall at Centralia against an attack of American Legion hoodlums, cowards and cold-blooded murderers are vividly before me, and I wonder as I have wondered a thousand times before, why the American workers permit these eight honest, innocent workingmen, whose only crime was that they stood up like men in defense of the cause of labor at a time when it took heroic blood to do it—why the American movement tolerates the infinite outrage of these men rotting away in one of the vilest prison pens in the country.

Those eight I. W. W. convicts at Walla Walla are heroes in the true sense of the term, and I hail them as such at this May Day celebration, proud of their high courage and self-respect, and ashamed to be at large while they are in that foul dungeon branded as felons.

In celebrating May Day the workers would be unworthy of the day, they would be guilty of inexcusable neglect and of gross betrayal of their vaunted solidarity if they failed to remember the

class-war prisoners in Washington, in California, in Idaho, in Kansas, in Texas, in Massachusetts and other states, to proclaim their innocence, to glorify their heroism, and to demand in a commanding and determined voice their liberation.

May Day ought to be a glorious day for all the workers of the world. It is their international holiday; their day of universal rejoicing; their day of hope and inspiration.

May Day as a holiday was not granted to them by their patronizing masters as a boon for slaves to be grateful for, but it was appropriated by themselves and dedicated to themselves as the day upon which to assemble their forces, to close up their ranks, to stand erect, shoulder to shoulder, to feel the touch and thrill and throb of proletarian solidarity; to take counsel of themselves; to take an inventory of their own mental, moral and spiritual as well as their physical resources; to recognize their common identity as wage slaves; to realize their class interests, their class aspirations, their class power and their class study; to draw the line sharply between their class, the toiling and producing millions, and the class of their exploiters and oppressors, and, face front, to wage the class struggle with unceasing energy, high resolve, and unrelaxing determination until the last citadel of capitalism has been captured and the workers of the world have made themselves the rulers of the world.

To this great end the workers must educate, organize and train themselves under their own self imposed discipline; they must, in a word, fit themselves for industrial mastery and for the fulfillment of their historic mission which means nothing less than the emancipation of the human race from

ignorance, superstition and every form of servility and servitude.

May Day is the day for the proclamation of our clearest thoughts, our highest resolves, and our noblest aspirations.

Solidarity must ever be the battle cry of the workers in the face of all that is done by the ruling powers and their henchmen to prevent it.

The legislatures, the courts, the colleges, the newspapers, the churches: all the organized social forces and all the powers of government, aided and abetted by cowardly and treacherous labor leaders, so-called, are pitted in combination against the rising revolutionary movement of the working class in every capitalist nation on earth. But in spite of all this the movement is progressing steadily, increasing daily in numbers and in power, cultivating its capacity to think and act for itself, its self-respect and self-reliance, and marching bravely toward its goal.

Everything depends upon the thoroughgoing organization of the workers along industrial, political and co-operative lines, on the basis of the class struggle, and upon waging this struggle with increasing intelligence, intensity and determination through all the passing days and years.

There are numberless battles to be fought and many of them will be fierce enough to test us all in every fibre, but fortunately the movement we are fighting in and for is out of the depths, with the forces of evolution and revolution, of which it was born, sustaining it and pledged to its ultimate triumph, and though we may lose ten thousand battles we shall finally win the war for the liberation of the race.



Farewell!

By RICARDO FLORES MAGON

Written just before his death in the Federal Prison, Leavenworth, Kansas. Translated from the Spanish.

We cannot break our chains with weak desire,
With whines and supplicating cries.
'Tis not by crawling meekly in the mire
The free-winged eagle learns to mount the skies.

The gladiator, victor in the fight,
On whom the hard contested laurels fall,
Goes not into the arena pale with fright
But steps forth fearlessly defying all.

Oh Victory! Oh Victory, dear and fair,
Thou crownest him who does his best,
Who, perishing, still unafraid to bear,
Goes down to dust, thy image in his breast.

Farewell; Oh, comrades, I scorn life as a slave!
I begged no tyrant for my life, though sweet it was,
Though chained I go unconquered to my grave,
Dying for my own birth-right—and the world's.





ROTTING IN DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD TO MAKE EMPIRES SAFE

The Coming War Against Asia

BY
AGNES SMEDLEY

The writer of this important critique of world imperialist policies is in Germany from which vantage point in the industro-militarist arena she is able to view affairs searchingly. We think her observations worthy of your most earnest attention.

WITH a tread as certain as Time itself, the English and American governments are leading the world on to another world slaughter. But this time the war will not be simply to crush some single paltry rival in Europe; it is going to be a war against all Asia, and the battle line will extend from the Suez to Tokyo.

The signs are plain and sinister for the preparations for this war. They range from the propaganda on racial and color questions right through to the American naval maneuvers in the Pacific and to the building of the British naval and air base in Singapore. The reason for this war is the challenge to European eminent domain in Asia: the Indian national movement under Gandhi's leadership; the determination of China to rid the land of imperialist powers; and the commercial rivalry of Japan in China. The Anglo-American capitalist combine is determined to keep the control of the world in their hands. The extent of this control is shown in Mr. A. G. Gardiner's book, **THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FUTURE**, in which the author states:

"They have the world at their feet. It will be what they choose to make it. Between them they rule, directly or indirectly, not much less than half the earth. They command practically the whole of the credit left in the world. Their command of the sea is not merely complete: it is without the shadow of a challenge. They have the unequalled potentiality of great armies. They possess the major part of the raw materials of our general life—wool, cotton, coal, iron, food."

India, China and Japan are threatening England's control of the raw materials of Asia which feed English mills and upon which English industrial life largely depends. And the awakening of these countries are threatening America's chances of keeping China as a market for her goods and investments. Added to this is the fact that during the late war Japan captured 50 per cent of England's cotton markets in China and that since the war the intense rivalry between Japanese capitalists on the one hand and American and English capitalists on the other hand, has been very great. The vested interests of England and America in Asia are colossal, as is seen in India and China in particular. The importance of India's position of subjection in the scheme of the British Empire may

best be summed up in the words of A. E. Duchesne, an imperialist, writing in his book **Democracy and Empire**:

"Britain has need of India. If it had not been for India the British Empire had never been—at any rate in its present form. India has supplied, from Elizabeth's reign onward, precisely that stimulus of which our country has stood in need. To the desire to reach India is due maritime enterprise and discovery. To the struggle to obtain India is due our naval and military supremacy as against Holland and France. To the trade with India is due much of our past and present imperial prestige. To our training, in and by India, is due our practical sagacity as administrators."

With such a prize as this in its hands, the British Empire is not going to surrender to the Indian national movement without a bloody struggle.

Added to this is the fact that the British sphere of influence in China, which means practically British territory, consists of 28 per cent of Chinese territory, and extends from the British territory of Tibet on one end, right through the Yangtze Valley to the British port of Hongkong on the other. Although China is supposed to be free, British and American merchant boats on the Yangtze are armed. A typical example of the manner in which these

merchant boats act was seen in August of the past year when some Chinese bandits were reported to have fired upon one of these American boats. The American boat gave an ultimatum to the nearest Chinese town where it had happened, and the city, in order to satisfy the Americans, beheaded two Chinamen, although they were perfectly innocent. Then the entire American and English press in China took up the cry—not that the innocent men should have been spared—but that a search should be made further and the guilty men found and beheaded. In the same month a rebellion broke out in Canton which was then under the government of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who for years has been the only effective force against western imperialistic powers. The rebellion was headed by the chief Chinese official of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the largest and most powerful British financial institution in that part of the world. Dr. Sun Yat Sen ordered the rebels to surrender. The British Consul, however, served an ultimatum upon him, informing him that if he took action against the rebels, the British navy would train its guns on Canton. In reply to this action, Dr. Sun Yat Sen issued his famous Manifesto to the Chinese people, a part of which reads:

"Is it because such outrages upon a weak and dis-united country are perpetrated with impunity (he refers to the American action) that here in Canton waters the British navy again threatens to fire upon the authorities of another Chinese city? But I see further and more sinister meaning in this challenge of Imperialist England. Reading it in the light of the diplomatic and moral support of the millions of the reorganization and other loans which the imperialist powers have for upwards of twelve years consistently given to the counter-revolution, it is impossible to view this act of imperialism as other than a calculated attempt to destroy the Kuomintang government of which I am the head. For here is open rebellion against this government, directed by a trusted agent of the most powerful engine of British imperialism in China, and a so-called British Labor government threatens to shoot down the Chinese authorities in Canton should they take the only form of action which would enable them effectively to cope with a movement aiming at their own overthrow."

In view of these and other developments, Japan began to revise her policy towards China, which for many years was marked by an arrogance and hostility comparable only to that of the Americans and British. Then on top of all this came the conclusion of the alliance between Russia and Japan, and the rumors, yet unconfirmed, are that China has finally entered this alliance. American and British diplomatic circles have not recovered from the shock yet. For not only does this mean a united Asiatic bloc with the avowed and openly stated purpose of "destroying every vestige of British imperialism in Asia," but it has far-reaching economic consequences. By the Russo-Japanese Treaty, **Japan has gained huge oil resources and 500 million tons of hard coal in the island of Saghalin to the north, and thereto has come the discovery in Japan itself of huge quantities of iron ore.** What coal, oil and iron mean in military strength need not be elaborated upon, for everyone knows. But these developments have made Japan militarily and industrially self-sufficient insofar as these resources are concerned.

In the light of these developments, a number of

interesting events happened or are happening in Asia which the entire working class of America must bear in mind, for the American working class will provide the cannon fodder for this new war.

First, the American navy is holding gigantic maneuvers in the Pacific in order to "put the fear of Christ" into Japan and the rest of Asia. And 200 journalists accompany the fleet—for wars are not fought with guns alone, but by the press too. In reply to this open challenge, Japan refused to receive the American fleet without an explanation, but, instead, held counter-maneuvers in which the problem worked out was the defense of every entrance to the Island Kingdom.

Secondly, in her internal Indian policy England is making far-reaching preparations. She is building air stations and air hospitals along the northwestern frontier. And the head of the British air ministry is now on a tour for the purpose of constructing an all-British air route from England to Egypt, and from Egypt to Palestine, over Mesopotamia to India; from India to Singapore and from India to Australia.

England is also never-endingly working to divide the Hindus and Mohammedans in India and thus prevent any united consciousness which might lead the national movement to unite with the new Asiatic combination. In the Near East, for example, England is trying to form a so-called independent Arabian Federation which shall guard the holy places of the Mohammedan faith, form the seat of a puppet Caliphate (much like the Pope of the Catholics) who will be dependent upon England's good will. Since the Indian Mohammedans are most fanatical about the action of Turkey in destroying the Caliphate and expelling the Caliph from Turkey, England plans to reinstate some Caliph whom she controls and who will issue "Fetwas" (orders) to the Mohammedan world, to support the British government in time of need. This so-called independent Arabian Federation is supposed to furnish the English bulwark against new Turkey which, in co-operation with Soviet Russia, forms the clearest and most conscious anti-English influence in the Near and Middle East at the present time.

In view of rapid Asiatic political developments, Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India, has been called to England for consultation. And all those who have followed English political maneuvers in India for the past half century know what this means: it means that, in order to crush the Indian national movement, a new reform bill is going to be given to India, the purpose being to win over a number of the political leaders to the side of the British. And this may succeed with a number of the leaders, who are muddle-headed lawyers who would be content with a little power for themselves. But it will not satisfy all; the plan is further, however, to give a certain measure of autonomy to two or three of the most advanced Indian provinces—perhaps Bengal and Bombay—and in this manner divide the national consciousness of India. With India divided provincially and with the Indian Mohammedans ren-

(Continued on page Forty-one)



Unite On May First For Action



By PETRUS

WITH May First approaching, the usual amount of bull is being prepared and made ready for delivery as per schedule. Every holiday has its special brand of nonsensical bunk for a decoration, and May First not the least in this respect. We need not fear that this year will prove inferior to past years in this respect, and therefore it might be all right to say something for May First so as to secure a greater variety on the mental bill-of-fare.

Each holiday has its own litany and traditions adopted to the day in question. On Christmas day, we glorify the birth of Jesus and of course practice his teachings. When that is over with we can keep on sinning all we choose for the next 364 days, and still come out with a nice balance at the end and win to the pearly gates without the slightest difficulty. On July Fourth we must be patriotic, but it is all right to fleece the country all we can the rest of the year. On Labor Day the toiler ought to be honored, but when the day is over it is virtue in polite society to abuse labor to the limit. On May First we are to say, "Hurrah for the revolution," but it is not contrary to certain established revolutionary ethics to be a contented slave producing large profits for the bosses the rest of the year.

Now May First meant something in the labor movement in the past, just as all other holidays mentioned, which at one time were dedicated with genuine devotion to the cause for which each day was set aside. But, that time is past. The slaves used to congregate in the public squares, voice their discontent and decide upon action. May Day was then dedicated "To fan the flames of discontent." But just like everything else in society, the day was soon seized upon by the politicians and made to serve their individual purposes.

"Eight hours work, eight hours rest and eight hours for recreation" was not the slogan in the early days of modern proletarian May Day celebrations. There was a fresh and healthy demand for whose realization workers relied solely upon their organized strength directly on the industrial fields. The speakers urged strikers and the workers talked organization and after each May Day there

was to be found a greatly strengthened labor union fighting hard for the demands unanimously voiced and endorsed not only on May Day but on many other days.

Those were dangerous days for politicians. Just think what would happen to them should the workers undertake to act themselves directly on their own behalf. That would mean work for the politicians, perhaps pick and shovel. Horrible! Such a calamity must be prevented. The labor politician was invented. Perhaps we should not say labor politician but proletarian or revolutionary politician. The new name did not change the nature of the politician. It merely fooled a lot of people, and incidentally, it fooled a lot of those politicians themselves, temporarily, at least. Soon they found from actual experience what proletarian politics really amounts to. They found that it was exactly the same as other politics. The juicy porterhouse

steak which the labor politician could afford but not the laborer, had exactly the same effect on this new type of lawmaker as on the old ones. It created a pot-belly, a fleshy neck, content instead of discontent, and a keen sense of what was needed to maintain the new diet. Of course a holiday was required to celebrate the new gospel which was the new brand of politics. May First was the logical day. The new millennium for the new skates was saved.

The I. W. W. and May First

The Industrial Workers of the World have restored May First to its original importance. Just take in a May Day picnic in the People's park at Seattle or any May Day picnic in the I. W. W. and you will find the old spirit of the day. The speakers preach the old gospel prevalent among the early days of the movement. They say **organize**. They **do not** say vote. We find an abundance of literature urging the workers on in their struggle. There are tables where the delegates are stationed behind piles of supplies, calling upon the workers to align themselves with their industrial union for the purpose of fighting the battle directly on the industrial field. Shall we continue in our established order or shall we deteriorate into a clan using this particular day or some other day for a glorification of our past deeds and forget the present struggle? Let us hope not.

There is no particular day set aside upon which the emancipation of the workers is to be consummated. The new order will not be rushed in by some spectacular demonstration. Not any general strike, nor any mass insurrection shall accomplish the work. At the very most, such actions shall wipe away some formidable obstacles in our road forward. But the task before us is constructive. The building process is slow, laborious, hard and continuous. It is work, nothing else; good, earnest, hard work that cannot be done either in a day or a year.

Of course we all like holidays. I know I do. I know that every day I don't work for the boss, he loses quite a nice sum of money, while I have nothing to lose and always manage to live somehow; and when I cannot live any longer I shall die satisfied that there is no profit in my death for my master. Only when I slave for an employer do I create profit for him. On these grounds I was almost inclined to join the Catholic Church at one time as I figured out that there were about 50 per cent more holidays in that church than in the Protestant sects. But when I happened to discover that there, as everywhere else, when a church law stood in the way of profit, the law was neglected. It is all right for Jehovah or any other deity to issue some command about a holiday. It will be observed so long as it does not interfere with the master's profit. But when it is discovered that the copper smelters or the steel mills must run steadily in order to pile up the necessary profits, they will be run literally "in spite of hell" which threatens those who violate the commandment of

the holiday. A railroad fireman or a street car conductor found with an engine minus steam, or a trolley car standing at the end of the line while those slaves obeyed the laws of God would soon find out which laws are most important to obey, whether the laws of God or the laws of Wall Street. If the slave works, the priest may send him to hell for working. If he doesn't work, his master will send him to a hell of starvation by discharging him. It is hell for the slave whichever way he turns.

There is only one way out of it, and that is by organization. Join the I. W. W. and enforce your demands directly on the job. Don't waste a perfectly good day by just listening to some would-be leader proclaim the great program of salvation he has in store for you. Don't waste your time listening to some orator glorifying our past deeds. Use this day and every other day upon which we come together to lay your plans for action. We are not living in the past nor in the future; we are living in the present. Our needs must be satisfied now if there is going to be any value to our movement. Those who have sacrificed themselves for our great cause in the past can best be honored by action instead of talk.

Our present problems can be served only by immediate action. They must not be put off to some other time for solution. Future generations will benefit by our organization only insofar as we act and act today. Ten thousand new members in the I. W. W. on this May Day will accomplish what all the simon-pure revolutionary and other bunk peddlers throughout the history of labor organization have failed to do. Let's try to get these new members.

Philadelphia Waterfront Awakening

This is being written in Philadelphia early in April. They speak among themselves on the waterfront about bringing back the I. W. W. 100 per cent strong on the job. They are going to do it.

During the last week of March we lined up 50 new members and almost the same number during the first three days in April. A few more weeks and the work shall be done. Then onward for the hide—no, the pocketbook—of their masters. Philadelphia shall go a long way towards furnishing the quota of new members on or before May First. New York sailors are lining up fine. Eight port delegates are sending in big reports each week. The longshoremen look on and claim that the I. W. W. is great and that we "have their sympathy." Wobbly sailors answer, "Don't be a sympathizer, but get into the organization and be an organizer." The time is approaching when they are going to come to the union hall and take out red cards.

Today they are thinking; tomorrow comes action. Make our May Day celebrations what they were originally intended to be, an incentive to action on the part of the workers themselves. Everybody get in line for the big organization drive.

Ten thousand new members in the I. W. W. before May second, and then hit the boss on the job.

This System – Swedish Section

By C. G. ANDERSON

SINCE the last article that appeared in The Industrial Pioneer dealing with happenings from this part of the globe lying close to the arctic circle, and labeled Sweden, several things worth mentioning have taken place. Relating such events, and those now transpiring here, with a view to throwing them on the screen of nationalism would be misdirected energy, and would result in a distortion of facts. Likewise, trying to explain them through a nationalistic code of characteristics is out of date and an unscientific way of doing things. It is no longer useful to the working class of the world.

To begin with: the capitalist productive mode today is in its process of rapid industrial evolution; the quick creation of labor-saving machinery. It is in the process of massing and pooling capital, both circulating and constant or stationary, and it must have, among basic materials, metals and paper. Sweden has the raw materials for these two products. A liner run by Diesel engines needs steel for its construction. Sweden contains a lot of good ore. In order to be able to run profitably the same liner needs passengers and freight. The trust or shipping combine that owns her stands in need of paper as a propaganda medium that is intended eventually to result in the ship getting the patronage required. In other words, the paper is needed to create a market, and Sweden has some of that paper in whichever stage of production needed, as pulp, sulphate, sulphide and finished paper. Lumber, another product of the woods, no longer as important, perhaps, as paper for capitalism, but still needed in construction and mining purposes is produced here in great quantities.

Just to give an idea in what proportion the two products of the woods and iron ranges stand to the rest of the products exported, let us use the 1922 statistics, which show that they were 86.3 per cent of the total export. Figures for 1913 show that 37 per cent of the then employed 352,000 industrial workers in Sweden were occupied on commodities for export, the two principal ones being iron and wood products. Fifty years ago the workers employed in these industries were so few that they were not considered of sufficient numerical importance as to be worth the attention of statisticians.

The following facts will show that industrial evolution follows the same course everywhere, and the only difference has to do with the rate of speed.

On the iron ore ranges of Malmberget and Kiruna thirty years ago it took thirty-five to forty men with hand tools to mine as much as is now produced by three men with machinery. The next step in the productive process, transporting the ore to the smelters, was at that time greatly hampered due to the lack of an ice-clear port. The only port then largely used, Lulea, was ice-bound five months of the year. That obstacle has been removed by electrically driven trains to the North Sea port, Narvik, which is open the year around.

What has been the direct effect in the workers employed of the iron ranges? It is that where the labor of 1,800 men was formerly needed, working a full-time week, 800 are now employed, and they work a three day week, eight hours a day. If added to that fact is the richness of the iron in the ore we can readily understand why 1925 is predicted to be a banner year in the export of iron ore from the Swedish ranges.

We shall clinch this by mentioning that the ore is transported from the port of Narvik to Philadelphia and Sparrow Point, Baltimore in the most modern Diesel-motor-driven ore carriers. The crews are cheap and sail under the Swedish flag. Wherefrom we draw the conclusion that the American steel trust is not a stranger under the heading 'Swedish owners.' The above should furnish thought matter for our job delegates and organizers in these three industrial unions—210, 440 and 510. Because, when the workers on the iron ranges of Minnesota and on the lake carriers are organized in the I. W. W., I think we shall have the workers on the Malmberget and Kiruna ranges, as well as the workers on the boats taking ore from them, also united in the I. W. W., and not before then. Without uniting both little good can be accomplished.

THE MACHINE IN THE LUMBER INDUSTRY.

While the machine in the first operation of lumber production—logging—has not made its entrance it is solely due to the geographical condition of the lumber area. The standing timber is not the kind growing on the Pacific slope, but more comparable to that in the state of Maine—of small size in diameter. All logging is done by hand, and the loading is also performed that way on sleighs car-

rying from five to eight logs to each load. The sleighs haul the logs to river banks where they are made into large drives.

From the time the logs arrive at the mills, however, the production loses its antiquated features and becomes as modern as anywhere. Automatic machinery and electrical energy is in use generally. The paper and wood pulp factories are modern in



One of the Immense Anchovy Factories

every particular. Consider, for illustration, just one branch of the lumber industry—match making. With the modern machines now in use one worker produces 20,000 match boxes a day. The match making industry in Sweden is practically able to furnish the whole world with safety matches.

Employment of the improved machinery in the lumber industry has resulted in a decrease of the forest area of the timber fit for lumber export. This

has increased the struggle between the different lumber companies, forcing out the smaller and making a combine of the larger. The latter have gone after the few remaining small farmers who own some standing timber, and, by hook or by crook, they have got the timber away from them. The larger capitalists in the combine have penetrated to the still untouched and more nearly virgin fields, so that by this time they have maneuvered themselves into a position to prepare for putting on the finishing touches to the last standing timber in the country. In line with this the former owners of small farms, and the charcoal burners, are together being forced to do the logging and hauling for a starvation wage under the most rotten conditions imaginable, and they are in revolt. These farmer-loggers unable to exist on farm products alone, are now fighting the lumber barons tooth-and-nail. As they have never been clear-cut industrial wage workers, but more like a feudal, remnant class, they are bitterly contending against being flung into the submerged slough of the proletariat. Swedish syndicalists have given them a new idea and some form of organization. Also, some advice about how to use it, and they are using it to the best of their ability.

METAL AND MACHINERY INDUSTRY AND ITS WORKERS.

Technically, this industry has not had the same opportunity as its counterpart in Germany, England and the United States. But despite this the industry boasts of having what amounts to a monopoly in the world market for such products as separators, kerosine stoves, Aga light buoys, and so forth. The percentage of the export taken by all these products in 1913 was only 4.4 per cent of the whole export.

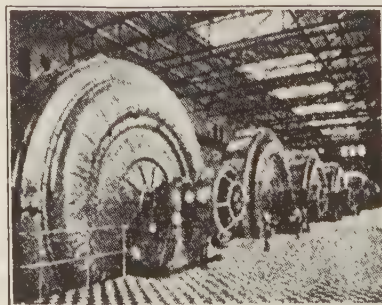
By this time it seems that the large foreign trusts and industrial corporations are competing with the small Swedish manufacturers not alone in the world market, but within Sweden itself, and the result points to a forcing out of these smaller Swedish capitalists. Of course the Swedish bosses are using the same stale, old argument that the wages they are obliged to pay the workers makes them unable to compete with larger capitalists. Lately a committee on customs and tariffs has been probing into this most vexed question—the high wage. They have arrived at the conclusion that it is not the high wage of the worker that is the cause of the inability to compete but rather it is due to a lack of standardization and specialization in the processes of production. The committee indicates the large number of small shops engaged in turning out any and all kinds of metal products and each of them trying to beat the other on the market.

The committee claims that this condition has put, and is continuing to put, obstacles in the way of an industrial reform in production in the form of

standardization of commodities turned out, and specialization in the mode of production itself. Of course, the committee does not show the cause for that condition. But if we analyze this phenomenon a bit we shall understand that the cause lies not solely in the mental status of the Swedish capitalists. Rather does it lie in the past evolution of industry, bound as it was with strong ties to a feudalistic state. No doubt it has grown organically from the handicrafts to machine industry, but the fault rests in that the fitting environment for its evolution has been deficient.

Large scale production under capitalism needs large possessions of raw materials, and large markets, which the feudal system did not possess. The

(Continued on page Forty-four)



Generators in Swedish Power Plant—Note Great Size

Jerusalem Redestroyed

By T-BONE SLIM



THE saddest words, on tongues of men, are these—perhaps—"It might have been."

Perhaps, indeed! For

For sadder words are spoken. Words that defy description. Words that denote all the agony of failure, defeat, retreat—aye rout and despair, "I HAD A CARD."

Can you imagine anything more heartrending? "I HAD A CARD—I was a man once't. I fought for freedom. I was a Wobbly—Now, I'm nothing nothing . . . nothing. . . . The road is long, the way is rough—I am weary. I'm alone. Nothing. Nothing in my pocket . . . (to pull out and look at)—**How many times of yore** I used to **pull it out** on the lonesome trail, "you my pard—while the owl wondered who . . . who . . . who am I—I **wasn't alone then!**"

Gosh no, there was four of us—

A jungle fire, a chew of snuff—and thou . . . my card . . . and I. Four? Now? Nothing, zero!

I will rise and go to my father's house.

There are Wobblies. There are fellow workers.

I will leave this mental edifice that is falling about my ears—I will go back.

I can't go back? Why not? The trail is lost? No, nor I. . . . The hell I can't. . . . Stop me!

I'm on my way. And

I will eat that fatted calf, Capitalism—a lumbering cow by this time. . . . I would dine. I would feast—the tougher the better. I'm hungry—my spirit yearns food.

The banquet awaits, my lords.

Chinese Seamen Prepare To Fight Shipowners

By OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENT, FROM HONGKONG

"Long live the solidarity of the workers of the world!" writes the secretary of the Chinese Seamen's Union. We cherish this May Day greeting and convey our heartiest response to our Chinese fellow workers. They have shown a fine militant spirit in dealing with employers, and one of common cause with us directly in boycotting California products. They are organizing for proletarian freedom. More power to them!

THERE is a growing discontent and indignation among tens of thousands of Chinese seamen at the shipowners' non-observance of the agreement concluded between the Chinese Seamen's Union and the Shipowners' Committee as a result of the seamen's victorious strike in 1922. The agreement, containing three clauses, was signed by R. Sutherland, Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee, A. Jamiesen, British Consul-General at Canton, Luk King Fo, Secretary to the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs at Canton, and Chak Hon Ke, Delegate of the Chinese Seamen's Union. It was further guaranteed by Sir Robert Hotung. Be that as it may, the shipowners and the British Colonial government in Hongkong have violated every one of the three clauses, while the Chinese seamen in the person of the Chinese Seamen's Union have kept faithfully to the agreement ever since its solemn conclusion. In order to substantiate this statement, the agreement is reproduced here in full, followed by iron proofs of the flagrant violations deliberately committed by the shipowners in coalition with the British Colonial government.

AGREEMENT:

It is hereby agreed between the undersigned parties that the following are the terms of settlement on the matters in dispute between them:

I. The scale of wages paid at Hongkong and in force on the 12th day of January, 1922, shall be increased as follows, and shall apply as from the 1st of January, 1922:

	Increase
1—Chinese river steamers.....	30 per cent
2—Other Chinese steamers up to 1,000 tons deadweight.....	30 per cent
3—Hongkong, Canton & Macao Steamboat Co., Ltd.....	20 per cent
4—Other British companies' steamers taking the scale of the Hongkong, Canton & Macao Steamboat Co., Ltd., as a basis.....	20 per cent
5—Coasting steamers.....	20 per cent
6—Java Lines.....	15 per cent
7—Pacific Lines.....	15 per cent
8—European Lines.....	15 per cent
9—Australian Lines.....	15 per cent

II. A date will be fixed for the general return to work. From the time of leaving until such date, men will receive half pay according to the new scale. Men may be reinstated on any of their own company's vessels, or such other vessels as may be mutually agreed upon. If positions are not available for men ready to return to work as above, it is agreed that half pay shall continue for such period as the men are not employed, but not exceeding five and a half (5½) months from the date of the general return to work. This half pay will be administered from a fund under the control of a duly appointed administrator.

III. The owners agree to assist in inaugurating a system of engaging crews which will minimize as far as possible any irregularities which may exist in connection with the pay of seamen.

Signed at Hongkong this fifth day of March, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Two.

R. SUTHERLAND
Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee
A. JAMIESEN
H. B. M. Consul-General at Canton

LUK KING FO

Secretary to the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs at Canton
CHAK HON KE
Delegate to the Chinese Seamen's Union

1—In gross violation of Clause I, the Blue Funnel Line of the Butterfield & Squire Company in April, 1923, decreased the wages of the men in its ships to the former scale. The British Colonial Government, a signatory to the agreement in the person of H. B. M. Consul-General, ignored the protest lodged by the Chinese Seamen's Union. Moreover, in violation of Clause III, stipulating a minimizing as far as possible of irregularities connected with the engaging of crews, the Colonial government abetted the B House Union thus enabling the replacement of the original crews of the Blue Funnel Line by strikebreakers from the organization. Again, abusing its military authority and extending its iron rule to the water surface, the Colonial government authorized the strikebreakers in the ships to carry arms.

Cases of similar violations are too numerous to be enumerated.

2—For the sake of convenience, let us discuss Clause II before Clause III. The shipowners have not only violated Clause III and have no desire to assist, as they are duty-bound to assist, in inaugurating "a system of engaging crews which will minimize as far as possible any irregularities which may (rather, do!) exist in connection with the pay of men;" but on the contrary, in conjunction with the Colonial government, it maintained a B House Union, an organization of labor contractors, whose service to mankind is mercilessly to fleece the seamen. Thus the Colonial government, in collusion with the shipowners, prolong the exploitation of

labor by labor parasites, which should have been abolished by the Chinese seamen immediately after their victorious strike, barring the interference of the British Colonial government and the shipowners. This is not only a grave violation of the agreement, but also a sinister act of provocation. As already mentioned, the Colonial government does not even refrain from openly supporting the labor exploiters by allowing them the extraordinary privilege of carrying arms in the colony. Further proof of the violation of Clause III will be superfluous.

3—The shipowners have **completely** violated Clause II, stipulating that "if positions are not available for men ready to return to work, it is agreed that half pay shall continue for such period as the men are not employed, but not exceeding five and a half months from the date of the general return to work."

Lest it should seem that the first and second clauses are much too liberal on the part of the shipowners, it must be explained here that, firstly, the said pay for a period not exceeding five and a half months is no more than a beggarly compensation for the victorious strikers whose positions had been taken by the Philippine and other strikebreakers called to Hongkong by the shipowners. (Be it understood that the Chinese seamen have no grudge against the strikebreakers, for they know that unemployment is an inevitable characteristic of capitalist society and unemployment is the mother of strikebreakers). Secondly, these clauses were won by the seamen as a result of a victorious life and death struggle for fifty-six odd days. Settlement was delayed just because of the shipowners' reluctance to accede to these very clauses, thereby prolonging the unheard-of hardships and damages suffered by the seamen and the common masses of Hongkong.

However, up till now, not a cent has been paid by the shipowners, in spite of the agreement in black and white! Where is "fairness" in the hands of the capitalists! Where is the "sacredness" of agreement with the capitalists! And where is the "law" in a colony!

The Chinese Seamen's Union in 1923 referred the matter to the British Colonial government in Hongkong, but the latter washed its hands of the matter despite the fact that His Majesty's Consul-General was a signatory to the agreement. The Chinese Seamen's Union presented to the Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee, R. Sutherland, a list of the men entitled to the half pay, together with the amount, but he claimed that the list was not in proper form and that money would not be paid to the men without producing the names of those who had taken their positions. Such an impossible condition can not be found in the agreement and can not be considered. Besides, how was it human-

ly possible to know then and how is it humanly possible to produce now the names of the strikebreakers filling the positions, who escaped with the ships under **military escort in the darkness of night!** Such pretexts are too obvious to baffle the seamen, who have seen the world and who have been through thick and thin.

The Chinese seamen know full well the shipowners' unwillingness voluntarily to carry out the terms of the agreement as well as their cunningness and conniving with the British Colonial government. The Chinese seamen have not lost sight of Sir Robert Hotung, whose failure to keep his word will further expose him as a useful instrument, acquired by the allurements of the knighthood, and otherwise, to serve colonial rule whenever things come to a head between the rulers and the ruled.

The Chinese seamen demand that the shipowners forthwith pay the half pay and carry out the other two clauses. They demand that the British Colonial government, signatory to the agreement, besides protecting the shipowners, heed the seamen's demands. They demand His Excellency Robert Hotung, a British knight who has been proclaiming a so-called peace conference professedly in the interests of the Chinese people, to fulfill his duty as guarantor ere he speaks again. They demand the coming British Prince to investigate into the scandalous deeds of the Colonial government and the shipowners, and to mete out due punishment, lest he should reveal princely imperialism.

Several thousand Chinese seamen are entitled to five and a half months' pay, the total sum far exceeding \$200,000. They are clamouring for their rightful compensation. The Chinese Seamen's Union, representing their interests, will never neglect its duty and will realize at any cost the conditions won by the victorious and heroic struggle. These conditions were by no means gifts from the shipowners. Those who will recall the fifty-six odd days of a life and death struggle in 1922 of more than sixty thousand seamen and eight combatant unions, the sacrifices of the workers and the panic caused by the blockade of Hongkong as a result of the interruption of communication, will agree that whatever was acquired, was acquired by the united gigantic power of the workers themselves. There is no need to recall the machine gun patrols of the Colonial government, ready to massacre the workers at any time!

The whole body of Chinese seamen, 100,000 strong, are prepared! They appeal to their brother workers in China and in all countries, particularly the seamen and their organizations, to help their Chinese brothers in their present just demands, hand in hand, in a glorious industrially-united front they have every reason to expect the day in the immediate future when the British Colonial government and the shipowners must redeem what they have hitherto atrociously violated.



Silhouette model for wall and ceiling painters, to be used only in paid-up Klansmen's homes. This shows the Klansmen in action, giving one of the dirty foreigners the "100 per cent American Rush Act." Klansmen should order their copies of this stirring scene without delay, as the supply is sure to be soon exhausted.

The Myths of Capitalism

By JOHN A. MacDONALD

WE are told that the belief in ghosts, banshees, witchcraft, disembodied spirits, unless they are angels, demons, or gods, is disappearing in this new age of science, investigation and printing presses. But myths and mythomaniacs are still with us; the old mythology is rather transformed, has a new reincarnation, and that the printing press is one of the means of general enlightenment without regard to what is printed is itself one of the current myths of this modern age of myths. Science, the enlightener, is made to cover with its mantle a Christian Science which is neither Christian nor scientific, the charlatanism of spiritualistic mediums and other tomfoolery which is given to the public as science, although entirely foreign to the methods of scientific investigation. The world is filled with the prudery which passes for morality, the nonsense which passes for science, and the myths which pass for history.

Part of the myths of the present time are due to the system of capitalism directly, and others to the general ignorance which that system nurtures, or finds of value, and which furnishes the soil for thousands of myths, with none of the sheer poetic beauty of the mythology of Greece or Rome. The myths of the present are based on a worship of the present, to shackle the live body of the Future with the dead carcass of old abuses and old deceptions.

The old Granny who used to tell stories of ghosts to the children by the shivery light of an

open fireplace until their backbones quavered at each word, is disappearing. She did not know the higher artistry that is necessary in our blase present, or the methods of the new psychology. But she also has been reincarnated, and Granny reborn now occupies a desk on the capitalist daily. She is omnipresent in the halls of legislation, in the courts, in the literature, in the life of the present. She explains to us as economist the myth of free labor, as politician the myth of democracy, as biographer the myth of heroes, dragons, demons and white knights come to the rescue. As teacher she inculcates into the young that George Washington was that ghostly thing, a superman. He could not tell a lie, but from the fact that he could not lie, the children are not to draw the conclusion that he was the only man in history who did not deserve any credit for not being a liar. Then she feeds them the myth Puritanism, the holy, decided to destroy the black magic of slavery after supporting it and profiting from it for generations and trading rum for negroes, as the facts of the civil war. If she is a Canadian Granny she tells of how the Canadians burned Washington in 1812 to 1814 and mixes this truth with myths of her own, showing the hercism of her own national ghosts. If she is a U. S. Granny this is not part of the history myth. Her national ghosts have to be given the incense of the myths which pass as history there.

Granny enters the field of contemporary history

and we have the myth that Great Britain is in Egypt to civilize the natives, the demons, and to bring them the full meaning of British freedom, than which there is none greater, if you live in Canada. Granny in the United States is explaining the heroic battle of Right and Wrong, Good and Evil, with Evil represented by certain islands in the Atlantic and Pacific and the white angels of love and democracy by marines who are bringing to the benighted islanders the full effulgence of American democracy, heaven-born twin of British freedom, until there is a war which makes it necessary for each to prove that the other is instead the hell-born child of Satan and Chaos, that an American cannibal ate the toe of an English aristocrat in Hoboken, or that a British vandal stole the suspenders that elected Calvin Coolidge, or his electric horse, in an effort to find something the Prince of Wales could ride.

The old Granny was a back number, the new Granny is up to the day after tomorrow, as one might expect who has studied the modern science of Theosophy. How pale were her old stories to the children compared to her stories in her reincarnation of 1917 to 1919 to her children of "thirteen years of age or less," in the United States. She showed them the white ghosts of U. S. Soldiers and Marines clad in the garments of God and freedom under the Espionage Act, and carrying the weapons of God's anointed, the U. S. Munition Trust, unsheath their swords and poison gas against the Devil ghosts of Satan clad in the armor of God also—the half of the Christian God that was not on the side of the allies—and clad, of course, with the weapons of the German munition trusts, for Armageddon, the war that was to bring the millennium, establish world peace and democracy, and the magic temples of the League of Nations. These were the days of myths of dragon slaying, and no dragon of the other dark ages could compare with the dragons of Germany that the white ghosts of the allies went forth to conquer for the freedom of capitalism to exploit. And now we have the myths of democracy and prohibition, and a thousand others to show that Granny is still on the job.

Eureka; And This Is Morality!

Our present system must have its myths. It is actuated by myths, holds its power through myths. Without its myths it would perish. Why then cavail over myths. It is immoral to seek the naked truth. Its very nakedness is an insult to the prudery which is morality. Puritanism dictates that no respectable person can associate with Truth while it—or worse, she—is naked. Shall we dress the conceptions of artists with calicos, keep insisting on putting petticoats on the marble of Milo's Venus, use licentious, suggestive fig leaves on marble and allow the public to associate with naked Truth? Most assuredly not! It would cause a scandal. Our censors would not consider permitting the demoralizing effect of naked Truth. They would never consider being found in a compromising position anywhere near truth. They avoid

the naked Truth, and force others to do so. Thinkers associating with the naked Truth is unthinkable. Thinkers are noteworthy for their lack of consideration for morality. It might cause a scandal, it undoubtedly would, and censors avoid all scandals for others at least.

What is morality? Philosophers have disagreed on this, although it is surprising how well they avoided it without being sure what it was. Poets have tried to define it. No one expected that they would be successful. Yet what morality is, is simple. Puritanism tells us that God made man and woman after his own image and then misguidedly said that all he had produced was "very good;" it is noticed that he did not say "Excellent," because he may have had suspicions. Now we know that man and woman were vile until they put on their clothing. The image of the creator was utterly vile until it was covered with the latest style, and the work of God was sanctified and ennobled, and moralized by the conceptions of clothing designers in the "wickedest city in the world," Paris. Can there be further doubt, as to the definition of morality. Morality is clothes.

This is also part of the Divine plan perhaps, because there is no profit in making human beings, they are the cheapest meat on the market; but there is big profit in clothing. The inevitable conclusion that clothes are morality leads us to some peculiar conclusions, including that having a bath is immoral, but it has justified itself by showing the absolute morality of dressing the naked Truth so that she will not be visible to seduce the young, and the bald-headed row away from the morality of capitalism. Truth naked would be a menace; Truth fully dressed, in fact completely covered, is no longer Truth; she is the reincarnation of Granny. Her clothes are the clothes of Granny, and this is all we can see of Truth, her clothing.

A Few Paragraphs on Clothing

We find Truth dressed, as she always must dress for chilly weather, slinking through one of the blind alleys of our papers and magazines, with a writer in hot pursuit, not because he is in love with Truth, but because he wants to describe the clothing she is wearing at the particular time. The result is a story in which we are told that our rich men are rich because they are moral. If they had been dishonest they would have ended in the jails or the penitentiaries, not in Wall Street. They worked hard all their lives, and their wealth is the reward of honest burning of midnight oil, continuous study and deep thinking. Getting rich through midnight oil through some association of ideas suggested John D. Rockefeller to the writer in pursuit of truth, and we are told that we could all be rich as Rockefeller if we were willing to make the same sacrifices, practice the same frugality, the same self-denial, been capable of working so hard and thinking so deeply of our work as did he. This lesson is reinforced with the statement which suggests that this particular ghost used his brains so much there was no blood left for his

stomach, and it died, with the result that John D. has had ever since, as the result of his immense mental and physical labors, to live on crackers and milk. If we were all equally willing to sacrifice our stomachs we are left with the inference that we also would all be rich. And then—? Then, we could all go into the oil business, selling oil to one another at a profit, and eat, sleep and be merry without stomachs, with no one to produce the crackers and milk, no one to produce the homes, or to make the beds, and no one to furnish the entertainment. And it is entirely logical that they would furnish themselves. They do for Rockefeller.

And then, just as we were satisfied that this rag of the garments of truth as capitalism had dressed her, was Truth herself, came the issue of the *Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan* for April, and we find that W. C. Forbes, one of the greatest experts on this continent at dressing Truth in the garments she should wear on the financial page, instead of having his eyes closed during the performance, thoughtlessly opened them for a second and saw truth instead of her clothing. His act was reprehensible, but if the censors permit this one lapse from the morality of capitalist writers to go unpunished, I am sure it will not happen again. That this one lapse is responsible for the following shows what a lot of trouble Truth might cause as a destroyer of idols, myths and ghosts if permitted to go nakedly her shameless way.

A Loafer; Others Made His Wealth for Him

"Let me tell you a secret about John D. Rockefeller."

(A secret about John D. The nerve. We know all about John D. already, or is it the John D. myth we know?)

"Ever since my early manhood I have been a loafer," Mr. Rockefeller confided to me several years ago during an intimate chat while we were playing golf. "While the newspapers were picturing me as the slave to business, working day and night, the truth is that I wasn't working at all—at least not at business. I was working hard very often, but not at 26 Broadway or at any other place of business, but at my home, near Cleveland, where my special hobby was the transplanting of trees, and where I did a lot of gardening.

"There was a private wire from the office in New York to my home, and they kept me posted on what was going on, but" — here Mr. Rockefeller laughed and his eyes twinkled . . . "I left others to do the hard work. After middle age I rarely ever visited the office and it is many years since I did any work whatsoever there."

When I asked Mr. Rockefeller to what he chiefly attributed his success, he instantly replied, "To others."

John D. Rockefeller made his money by transplanting trees on his own grounds without selling any of them, or others made it for him. His wealth is not based on hard work except by others, and the others, poor boobs, think that John D. was losing his stomach working hard finding work for them, when he was getting rich exploiting them, with others, workers also, to do even the exploiting for him. Is it to be wondered at, that naked Truth is

immoral when one glimpse destroys one of the fundamental myths of capitalism? They speak of riches being made through hard work. They are correct although **produced** is the better word, but they do not explain who does the hard work, and that the man who has been a loafer reaps the benefit of the production of the workers.

It Was Your Stomach John D. Lost, Not His

"Ill bet that guy did not work so hard or think so hard that he lost his stomach, although when the *Standard* laid me off I lost mine last Winter, because it thought there would be no further work for it to do as long as I lived, "I hear one of the pipe line stiffs mutter as he reads this. And he is closer to the truth than is convenient for the myths of capitalism. Forbes continues:

"Let me explode another myth about Rockefeller. You doubtless have heard and believed that he worked so hard that his stomach ceased to function properly and for many years his diet has consisted of milk and other invalid foods." (Certainly we have all heard that. It is one of the most prevalent of the John D. myths).

"I have dined often with him, and let me assure you that on each occasion he made disappear enough food to keep a ditch digger going."

When Truth Got Into the Wrong Well

And this is all the result of one peep at truth. Is it to be wondered at that we are told that the naked truth lives at the bottom of a well. She got into an oil well by mistake some time ago, and there was a cry of horror went up over the possibility that we would be forced to live without the illusion of the honesty of legislators and politicians. But the politicians and courts saved us from such a contingency, by getting her dressed before too many were demoralized by a vision of her ankles as the Republican party was dragging her into seculism by the hair.

And this reminds me that the politicians also dress the truth up and down, even if it is necessary to administer knock out drops in the process. When the politicians have truth properly clothed, she is dressed in the crazy-guilt of democracy, a method of making the public think they are free as citizens, in the same way that the bosses make the workers think they are free although slaves to the capitalist system, robbed by loafers, and sandbagged by financiers.

Politician and Capitalist Have No Respect for the Nakedness of Truth

But trust the politicians to have no respect for the nakedness of truth. They have seen the naked truth often, but they are not telling. I do not mean that they are in love with truth, or have a kissing acquaintance with her. They hate her, wish she did not exist, but they know her, and are not telling what they know.

The capitalists know her. They keep their eyes open and their mouths shut except when they are talking to one another or to newspaper men

whom they trust, because they own them. But an old and famous newspaper editor, writing for the same issue of the *Cosmopolitan* on "The Kind of Letters Celebrities write" makes public what should for the safeguarding of the myths of capitalism be held confidential and inviolate, as the morality of myths with which capitalism clothes truth.

I have merely given a few of the methods in which truth is sacrificed, mauled, distorted, clothed, chloroformed and prostituted to maintain the myths on which a system of slavery rests. But to deal with the subject comprehensively would take a book, and already I can hear the workers murmuring in their slumbers:

"Do not take away our illusions of freedom, our illusions that money instead of our labor power is the basis of wealth, our illusions that poverty and rags are better than fine raiment and good

food. Do not destroy for us the ghosts and illusions and myths that capitalism has built for us out of nothingness. Let us sleep, and dream, and hug our slavery to our bosoms. Let us have our hunger rather than destroy the false gods that have been built for us. You want to wake us to reality and action. We want the new mythology, the fairy tales of our childhood, our empty dreams and sleep. We are chloroformed with myths, but we do not want to face realities even if by awakening and facing them together we could achieve a civilization that would not be a myth and a culture that would not be a delusion."

Sleep on poor chloroformed things; well have ye been called the sleeping giant, a giant ye are but as yet a giant deadened by myths, a giant kissing the shackles ye could break, unfitted for freedom because satisfied with myths, unworthy of freedom because you have not the manhood to fight for it and organize for it—not yet!

Two Book Reviews

By ROBERT GRAYSON



IN the matter of military efficiency Germany, during the war that began in 1914, excelled all beligerent governments. Maximum destruction is the warfare ideal, in whose quest all the powers crowded one another. They all wanted to be the greatest destroyers. Germany took first prize, and was defeated only by a union of many less efficient powers, including the United States of America. But the effect of militarism on the German populace, both physically and spiritually, is fastened on the reader's consciousness in Bernhard Kellermann's wonderful book, "The Ninth of November".

There are glimpses of trench horrors, but most of the story is laid in Berlin, and in unique manner the author takes you from the extremes of hysteria in bourgeois revelry to those of terrible fear and starvation across the city in the warrens of the poor. You can feel the gripping force of patriotism, and you are shown those for whom the illusion no longer holds. A general who has been removed from the front for committing what the general staff regarded as a tactical blunder, dominates the Prussian motif, but he, too, is fearful. He is followed by a little, old man, dried up and relentless, whose son

fell on the hill where the general's military engineering failed.

Kellermann speaks of this little man as "The ulster." He contrives to get an audience with the general, an unheard of thing for two so different in social rank. The general humors him, tells how he has also lost a son at the front, and shows the visitor a map of the hill where the ulster's boy was done to death. Enraged the father calls the general a murderer. He is drunk. Then the effect of the drink leaves him, and he kneels to apologize and to beg forgiveness.

Another scene worth relating is where a soldier from the front, acting indirectly in the general's service, walks through the wrong door of the ponderous commanding ogre. He feels the cold sweat that reminds him of frightful experiences in the inferno. The general does not like his appearance. He is annoyed. Later he tells his secretary, another soldier of some directing authority, of the incident. Merely tells him that he has been bothered by the fellow's presence. An order goes out, unknown to the general, and back to the worst sector goes the unfortunate, back there to repair telegraph lines, and be a proper target. He is running across the fields pursued by sharpshooters. Then an airplane tries to run him down. He is almost crazy with fright. The draperies of mercy close, and we are carried to a Berlin cafe of the most exclusive sort. There sits the general sucking asparagus at the precise moment when the soldier falls into a mud hole and saves himself from the eagle that would annihilate him.

You see, too, cripples worming along on their bellies through the streets of the Prussian capital.

The revolution comes and you see spies run down. The general marvels that such a thing could be—these troops and people marching in honor of their solidarity and not for the honor to the withered arm of Potsdam. The general has worn the “king’s coat” since he was ten. Now this habit is dangerous. He affects a hunting garb. He grows ill. He dies. The debauchery is over, the discipline is smashed. The ulster is avenged.

Kellermann’s style is truly great, but we regret that he did not go more into the post-armistice developments. The end is truncated, it seems. However, it’s a good book to read. Instructive to note the corruption that festered even in the most highly systematized warring government, and the unutterable horrors of war among a civilian body. America is taking the imperial stride with characteristic vigor. America is doomed to be defeated some day as Germany was, unless the workers’ revolution saves it and humanity.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, By Bernhard Kellermann. Robert MacBride and Company, New York. \$2.50.



POPULATION in America has been moving steadily from the wide places on the land to the pavement-bound confines of cities. But there are so many millions of us who still remember the soil that any fine attempt to bring back its fragrance, pungency, color, sound, peace and struggle is sure to meet with a warm response.

Van Doren has done this very thing. You read his lines and live again in the odor of freshly-made hay; you can hear the horses’ whinny, the cry of the lark. The owl weirdly hoots once more. You sense approaching rain, and after the shower you can see the pretty faces of flowers lifted tenderly to catch the caress of sunlight or to invite the bee’s passionate, fiercely lingering kisses. The first poem, which gives the book its name, is inexpressibly beautiful to me.

Listen, the wind is still,
And far away in the night—
See! the uplands fill
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm;
And where the sky was clear—
Look! the head of a storm
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge—
Fast, although you fumble
There! Did you hear the edge
Of winter crumble?

There are other industries in the country than those of the birds, bees and animals. The poet scatters his homely and vivid images of farm indus-

Eighteen

try through the pages. Wheat is waving in the sun, and smoke rises lazily from

“The kitchen chimney then, and supper is waiting . . .”

You’ll like that sun, that blending of tones; the high-lights on windows as the fiery ball drops in the west, and the soothing, purple, gathering night descends. The book of poems is not large in size—69 pages—but it is great in beauty and spirit.

Spring Thunder and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Thomas Seltzer, Publisher, New York. \$1.50.



Greetings From Australia

From the Australian Administration of the Industrial Workers of the World at Melbourne, this letter was received:

Fellow Worker:—The first batch of the FEBRUARY PIONEER arrived this morning, and it is just what we want at the present time, as it deals with Centralia and Wheatland.

This branch has started to advocate the boycotting of the American fleet on its arrival in this country, as a protest against this demonstration of armed force by a nation whose ruling class jails and persecutes workingmen and women for their ideas.

We circularized every trade union in Victoria, and our speakers will ask them to send resolutions to the President of the United States and the governors of Texas, California and Washington.

We are hoping for results. The labor fakers here are the same as anywhere else and will only take action when forced to do so.

We have rented a hall during the last month and also had some printing done.

I think that if we can stir the rank and file we will get some good results. I will send another letter as soon as things start to move a little.—Yours for Industrial Freedom—Noel Lyons, Sec’y.

READ

THE INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

Official Organ of the I. W. W.

Published weekly at Chicago—the nation’s center of heavy industry. Accurate news of this most important district and from all parts of the country. World news right up to the minute. Labor’s viewpoint is worth reading. If you want the truth about what’s going on in America and all over the globe don’t delay, but send in your subscription at once. \$2.00 a year. Single copies, 5 cents. Bundle orders 3 cents. We are leaving the old address, 1001 West Madison St., as this reaches you. New address 3333 West Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. SUPPORT YOUR PRESS!

'Tis Fear

By COVINGTON AMI

Then, "Whither goest Thou?" Unto what
End
Do you, or I, the Curve of Life ascend?
Unto what Purpose, winning or in rout,
Ascending or descending,—What about?

There Ninety Hundred Thousand Young
Men lie
With stark, unseeing faces to the Sky:
They who rest Dust in Dust, what means
to Them
Yon tinselled Marshal's laureled diadem?

For what the senseless slaughter of the
Young?
Tell why their Souls to Erebus were flung?
They, to the cold, grey State's men, were
but Tools,
And You, who speak of "payment"—**You**
are **Fools**.

I **know** Her breath is sweet, Her breasts
are warm,
And more than passing fair my Heart's
dear form;
But He whose heart to Dust is blown, and
Clay,
Ah! neither He nor She can Love's word
say.

Through Phantom Realms pursued by
Phantom Huns,
From his own image Man forever runs;
And by whatever name the Gods are
known,
Fear is the Power on the Heaven Throne.

'Tis Fear that Nature's wondrous beauty
blights:
By which we are self-driven from the
Heights,—
Down old worn ruts,—by Superstition
schooled,—
By Ghosts deluded, and by Gnomemen
ruled.

Its figure gianted by Moon and Mist,
Fear is a Pigmy playing Terrorist;
And, strange, it is of Courage brother-twin,
The Strength by which the Victory we win.

'Tis Fear that holds the Hero in the Line,
And Fear that fills the Prison and the
Shrine;
'Tis Fear that keeps the Slave enchained,
unblest,
And Fear that is the Anarch's alkahest.

'Tis by our Fear the march of Right we
stay,
And keep the World so long from Life
away;
'Tis Fear that starves the Faith that Truth
would nurse,
Fear murks the Lovelight of the Universe.

'Tis Fear by Nobler Fear fanned into flame,
'Tis This by which we conquer Sin and
Shame;
'Tis This that holds us to the Higher Trust,
And This that lifts the Race Soul from
the Dust!

Owing to the large number of manuscripts and drawings submitted during the last days of the contest, it is impossible for the judges to make their decisions in time for us to run the winning story and cartoon in this issue. We shall do so in the June number.

Ralph Chaplin reports that he is unable to finish the review of Upton Sinclair's MAMMONART as we go to press. For this important literary and artistic criticism see the JUNE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER.

"My Country 'Tis of Thee"



THE Industrial Pioneer medal award, made up of the discarded shoe of a hopeless idiot, to which is attached a solid piece of ivory, crudely carved in the shape of a bone, is this month awarded to the Rev. Father Alexis Cuneen, C. P. of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, for the following **blurb** handed his congregation in a sermon, as reported by the N. Y. Times:

"During the war many of us asked why God permitted such a calamity. There was only one reason: He sent it in punishment for the horrible sin of race suicide. Many of the boys who died on the battlefields were born in spite of their sinful parents. God waited until they were grown to visit punishment on them."

THE great game of plucking the U. S. Labor Goose!

Osborne C. Wood, son of the Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who startled two continents with his financial dealings and kept the world agog for a year with his wild extravagances at the gambling tables of European resorts, in which time he dissipated an enormous fortune won in Wall Street at long distance, recently returned home. "I have returned to the United States mainly to rebuild my fortune," he declared. "It won't be long before the old bank account will be traveling up again. The United States is the one place in the world to make money. You go abroad to spend it."

Which leads us to remark: "Will young Wood work?—or will he work the workers? What do you think? . . . Exactly. We think the same.



"EASY, OH, SO EASY!"

Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

III.

WHEN the Great War closed in November, 1918, for a moment there appeared to be reasonable prospect that the United States of America might lead the way in organizing a United States of the World. The very make-up of our own government and its historical background seemed both to favor it, for ours is a Federal Union, that is, substantially a union of nations, and our Federal Union was achieved in 1787 under circumstances which were hardly more disposed toward it, apparently, than was the world situation of 1918 to the realization of a World State. Very few of us understand now how hostile to each other were many of the original thirteen American colonies, and how exceedingly difficult was the task of bringing them together under one law. It was thought by many hopeful people that it would be quite as practicable for the leaders of our day, with the advance in human contacts and human intelligence and human engineering in general which these one hundred and fifty years since the Declaration of Independence was issued have realized, to do for the war-weary world as a whole what the fathers of our Republic did for the war weary American colonies in that less humanized and less organized age. Moreover, Woodrow Wilson's position in relation to the world as a whole was hardly less triumphant and influential at the end of 1918 than was George Washington's at the end of the Revolutionary War. Many who had not voted for him, and were by no means greatly enamoured of him nevertheless felt that it was altogether within the possibilities that he might be the First President of the United States of the World as Washington became the First President of the United States of America.

Presidents Lackeys to Economic Superiors

Here and there some people still imagine that the failure of this dream was due to the insufficiency of Woodrow Wilson himself. "He was not a big enough man for the job," they say, and when they dwell upon what might have happened had Woodrow Wilson only been so and so. Others, still his ardent admirers, are sure that the failure was not his, but rather that of those who opposed and thwarted him for personal or partisan ends, the grasping, unscrupulous prime ministers and diplomats of Europe, and the "wilful few" in the United States Senate who would not co-operate with him for the better organization of the world, lest he or his party get some advantage at their expense.

Those of us who no longer read history in terms of personal and incidental romance know that there is little consequence to either of these claims. Woodrow Wilson might have been a far bigger man than he was, but if he had been so he would hardly have been President of the United States. Men do not just happen into that position, and no one has actually achieved that high place who had not proved himself in advance a politician, and very much of a child of the age and a servant of its controlling interests. One need not apologize for either European or American "statesmen" who were in opposition to Wilson in order to recognize the fact that they also were mannikins who danced or failed to dance according to the music furnished them by the master class. The American political state stayed out of the League of Nations because there was as yet no economic interest on the side of such world organization sufficient to drive it in.

The great financiers of America were not ready then, and it is doubtful whether they are ready now, to merge their manipulations of the world's markets with the manipulations of the big financiers on the other side of the sea. American Big Business is still a thing quite apart from Big Business elsewhere in the capitalistic world.

I. W. W. Is Industrial and International

And the same is true of American labor. Some folks may see little significance in the fact that Labor Day in Europe is May First, while Labor Day in the United States is, for the vast majority of the organized workers of our country, the first Monday in September. But the fact is one of primary meaning and importance, and when the Industrial Workers of the World stress the world's Labor Day as against our local labor memorial they are only making plain the great gulf which as yet yawns between them and the craft unionism of the A. F. of L. The Industrial Workers of the World are **industrial** and **international** in their emphasis. The great body of organized labor in the United States is neither industrial nor international, but opportunistic and patriotic. The most they seek for the workers is a larger share of the labor product **on their way to become capitalists**. That is, most American workmen, in the unions and out of the unions, would like to be capitalists, and hope to be capitalists, and want **as good a wage as they can get until they can climb out of the wage-earning class and sit on the backs of the workers themselves**. Their ideal is not that of an industrial society, where every man and woman does a decent

share of the world's bread and butter getting, and where that labor is so organized so that it will burden no one, but their ideal is that of getting themselves, or at least their children into places of privilege and power outside and above the working class. And they are not concerned for the world as a whole, but are entirely content to play up the "America first" philosophy along with the patro-maniacs of the profiteering class. May First means nothing to them because the common interests of the working class of the world, conceived as one great international unity mean nothing to them, and they want the welfare of the workers even in America much less than they want the "initiative" and "thrift" and "enterprise" of especially skilled workers who can climb into the band wagons of social superiority for themselves.

Individualism of Americana

If this seems a harsh way of putting the matter it is true to fact, and the harshness of it is in the conditions itself, and in the necessarily brief statement of the matter here. Were there more space it could be shown that our whole national history, especially since the great westward "trek" began, has tended to make American workers pronounced individualists and would-be capitalists, and therefore explains on natural lines the prevailing labor psychology of the day in American labor circles. This psychology is the product of the pioneer emphasis in American life.

But the days of the pioneer have passed, and the American frontier is a thing of yesterday. Whether the American workingman wants to be an internationalist or not he is going to be, because we are chained hard and fast to the chariot wheels of world business now. If we do not keep May First and make common cause with the workers of the world in their effort to create a world industrial order we shall be forced to make common cause with the money masters of the world in their defense days, their fleet celebrations, and the rest of their military parade and festivals. Labor Day here in California comes close to our State Anniversary, September 9th, and gets hardly as much attention as "The Native Sons" are able to rally to their aid in boosting California. The nation over America's Labor Day gets less attention than Fourth of July, or even Armistice Day. Labor plays second fiddle all over America to business and politics, because it refuses to take the world view and really to believe in labor.

What will American labor get for this betrayal of the cause of world labor, and this capitalistic reaction to the whole idea of labor as **something to be used only until a place in the ranks of exploitation can be won?** What has American labor gotten thus far? Let the story of the last one hundred years make a reply. Has the status of the working class kept pace with the progress of American wealth? Grant that the black slave has been made legally free; grant that wages are higher than they were a hundred years ago, and goods more abund-

ant for the workingman; grant that the right of labor to organize is more widely recognized than it was in 1825. What then? Are the workers of the United States of America any nearer to owning America than they were then? Are they any less subject to the call to be cannon fodder for the master class? Are they getting actually a larger share of what they produce? It cannot be proven that with respect to any of these points they have made anything like the progress toward power which has been made by the money masters of the land. Never did they give such tremendous tribute to the loot-takers as they are giving right now. And never were they in fact such utter slaves as to their press, as to their pulpit, as to their schools, and as to every avenue of the information they get and the ideas they have.

If all American capitalists were to become Henry Fords tomorrow and cooperate in a universal campaign of wage raising in the United States, a thing which will not happen of course, American labor would still betray its own interests by standing in with them for the exploitation of the rest of the world. There is a limit even to world markets, and this would soon be reached with such a combination of creative power, even though the other nations were not competitors for the world's markets. But they are. And the more the labor of other nations is depressed the more their competition for world markets is to be feared. Why should American capitalists long continue to pay high wages here for the making of goods for outside markets when they can get cheaper labor in the vicinity of those markets themselves? And how long will the labor of the rest of the world consent to starve in the interests of favored workers here? Do we want to create world alliances against ourselves even as Prussia did, until such alliances are powerful enough to deal with us as the Allies have dealt with Germany? If we do, all that is necessary is to pursue the present policies of organized capital and organized labor here in collaboration of world plunder. For a while the plunder may yield American labor in favored sections and especially open periods known as "periods of prosperity" a modest amount of loot. But even in such "good times" the capitalists will be the real gainers both in plunder and power, and the eventual subjection of labor here to the master class will be only the deeper and more desperate.

American independence is a fool's dream. The master class here knows it is not independent of world resources and world markets. The sooner that American labor learns its interdependence with the working class everywhere, and keeps with them the Labor Day and gets into step with a world program of industrial solidarity the sooner we ourselves shall be done with armies of unemployed, with panics from overproduction, and with international competitions of robber tariffs and the ever darkening threat of the overthrow of all civilization in another world war.

Was Morgan Wrong?

By VERN SMITH

(CONTINUED FROM APRIL ISSUE)

SECTION IV.

CRITICISM OF THE "NEW SCHOOL"

THE first thing that we observe, when reflecting on the New School of Anthropology, is that its founders and adherents, true to their specialistic tendencies, have concerned themselves almost entirely with savage man of today. This has a serious disadvantage. Since "the world do move," contemporary savage and barbaric man is pretty well pushed back into the high hills, and is infected with alien customs, and has felt the influence of the bible shark and the powerful forces of capitalistic trade, rifles, schools, and legislators, slave hunters, etc., which have very much modified his original reaction to his environment. The environment itself is frequently changed, and since various different cultural groups of primitive man are driven helter-skelter over the same road, to the same temporary fastnesses, their customs, arts and apparatuses get confused and mixed. In time, the effect of all this will be to produce one homogeneous civilization over the whole world; meanwhile savage tribes are broken loose from some of their ancient reserve, and because of their violent uprooting and general manhandling, they adopt strange ways, modify them, adjust themselves partially to white and yellow civilization, and in general make it difficult for anyone to understand their former life by a study of their present life.

Just for example, there is a most interesting article, "The Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian" to be found in **Publication of American Archaeology**. This Winnebago lived in the wilds of Wisconsin about the turn of the century, and had the very devil of a time trying to compound his tribal traditions with modern American culture. Thus, when he and two others of his tribe decided to go on the warpath, and had picked out the objective—a certain Pottawattomie group—they found that the country in between the two tribes was no longer suitable to the old and traditional method of skulking up the forest paths, and dashing across the unfenced plains. There were now



THESE PEOPLE, NOT BLESSED WITH CIVILIZATION, KNOW HOW TO LIVE.

too many farms in the road, and they had to take a train in order to get near the scene of action!

Similarly, I have heard of a case in which a University of Washington anthropologist had brought an Indian into a seminar for observation and analysis, by the class of eager "New School" advocates. The old buck did pretty well towards maintaining a fine and savage air of primitiveness, until the class was over. Then he forgot that he was the noble red man of ballad and tale, and also that according to Boas and company he was the product of a unique culture, and he whistled for his chauffeur!

I really believe that Morgan in his day had more opportunity to get at the keynote of savage attitude, character, and custom despite the fact that his knowledge of the Dyaks and the Banks Islanders was limited. Perhaps the Iroquois and the Northwest Coast tribes of America have changed more in the last half century than the "New School" suspects.

But there is a more important result even than this, coming from the fact that the "new" anthropologists concentrate their attention on primitive peoples surviving now in the nooks, corners and byways of our earth. Most peoples are not now savages, in the sense that the Melanesians are, though we have incontrovertible evidence that they were at one time. Morgan spent as much time and space on the progress of the Greeks, Romans and Chinese as he did on the living savages and barbarians, when he defended his theory. Later Morganites have worked over other peoples who have advanced

now to a fairly uniform degree of civilization, from Boston, Mass., to Yokohama, Japan, both ways around the world. The big main stream of human-kind advanced along the route rediscovered by Morgan, and nothing that the recent anthropologists have done has seriously affected that part of Morgan's theory.

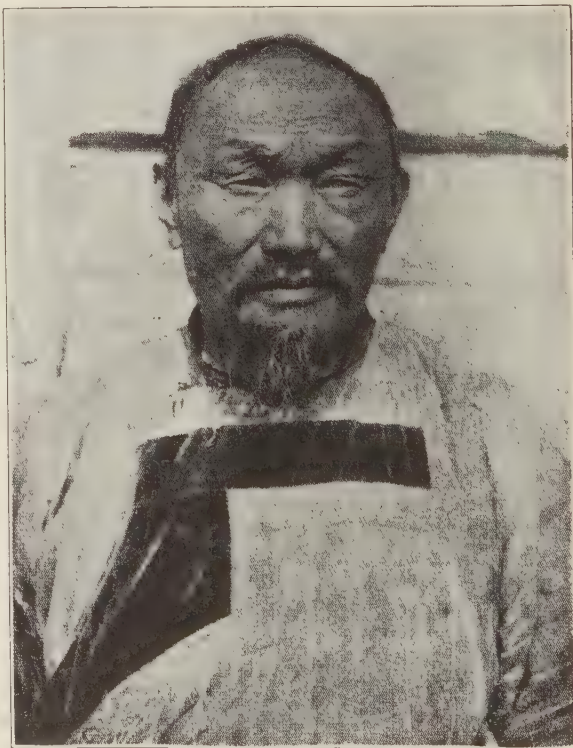
In fact, the evidence of the later archeologists is a further substantial evidence in favor of "evolutionism" in general, and some of it is all to Morgan's advantage. In this same matter of copper implements which was mentioned in the preceding section, to take up only one phase of the question, any one can get from any good library, W. M. Flinders Petrie's book, **Tools and Weapons**. Petrie is the authority on ancient Egypt, and has done valuable work in other fields. His book is published by the British School of Archeology in Egypt, and is a remarkably comprehensive and complete work. You will find, on glancing it over, that Petrie, and his army of assistants, have collected and classified thousands of ancient axes, adzes, spear, arrow, and halberd heads, daggers, hoes, awls, etc. The dates of many of these can be easily told, either from actual inscriptions on them, or from the strata in which they were found. And there you have laid out for you the **evolution** of tools, for several thousands of years, in Europe, Asia and Africa. You see how the rough stone gave way to polished stone, and that when the first metal was used, it was merely hammered virgin copper. The early artificer in metal probably tried to chip it, as he had been in the habit of chipping stone. It didn't chip, but it did beat out into shape, and what shape did he try for? Why, he made his metal axe or adze or hoe just the same shape that he had been in the habit of making his stone tool. Since it is difficult to make a socket in a stone, the handle of a stone tool is lashed to the point or blade. So the first copper tools were lashed to their handles. After long experimentation, the smith began to make sockets. The first copper tools were hammered, as I said before. That gave a peculiar shape, with thick centers and shinier edges, both sides about alike. Then it was found that copper could be melted and poured into moulds. That gave a peculiar shape again to the blades, for molds cannot make "pillowy," or thin-edged tools with both sides the same, unless a closed mold is used, and of course, that was not the easiest sort of mold to invent. Eventually they managed it. Moreover, they learned to harden the copper, at first by accidental mixtures of arsenic and copper oxide, and then, because it smeltered better, with tin.

Then they discovered iron, probably not in Egypt for it was imported there from Asia Minor and Crete, and the Egyptians did not like it at first, though finally they adopted it. Now we know the use of copper preceded iron even in the ancient countries where iron appears first because the first iron tools were made on the model of the hardened copper tools. Even the hardened copper or bronze was soft compared with iron, and bronze tools

could not be made to flare much. They were straight, bolt-shaped axes, chisels, hoes, etc. After a long time, axes and suchlike tools of iron were given the beautiful curved and flaring edges which the nature of the metal made possible.

You will see that this is **evolution**, based on successive discoveries. Along with it went the evolution of society, as Morgan has outlined it. Nowhere do we find the iron before the bronze, or the bronze before the cast copper, or the cast copper before the hammered copper, or copper before the use of polished stone, or polished stone before the use of rough stone. But we do find that occasionally whole stages are skipped in some particular backward locality. All parts of Europe did not necessarily go through all of these successive stages. It was possible for one group to make two successive discoveries, and export bronze, say, into a stone age culture, allowing them to skip over the copper culture altogether. Of course, in modern times we find the same thing. Steel was introduced to the North American Indians, and used by them before they had a chance to invent bronze.

And this is what we mean by evolution. Probably if we trace it far enough down, it is always one or at most a few men who make each invention. The others learn from them; first their immediate tribe learns, and then, after a time, if there is communication, other peoples learn. The better communication there is the faster progress goes on, if this communication does not mean that



TUNGAS OF SIBERIA

The "New School" Claims that Because He Rides Reindeers Morgan Was Wrong



FIELD AGRICULTURE BROUGHT SLAVERY

there is no security, and too much war. It is quite probable that a part of the backwardness of the people who are still savage and barbaric is due to the lack of communication.

Anyway, the emphasis of Goldenweiser, Lowie and Boas on the non-historical peoples has caused a distortion of perspective. Their failure even to attempt the refutation of Morgan in the history and pre-history of European, North African and the present civilized Asiatic nations allows us to use Morgan's classification and Morgan's theory of evolution as a defense of the doctrine of the materialist conception of history. All we have to do is to accept the "New School" doctrine at its face value, as far as it touches the still existing savage and barbaric peoples which they say do not fit Morgan's classification, declare these to be exceptions, and go merrily on.

It would not be surprising to find exceptions. Anthropology and ethnology are not exact sciences, any more than are botany, zoology, economics and sociology. What we look for in the inexact sciences are trends, laws, types, averages—and not arithmetical precision.

But if we abandon so large a field as this to the Columbia school we are doing Morgan an injustice, and granting more than they deserve to the pluralists. Let us scrutinize them still more carefully, within this relatively narrow sphere to which we have limited them, with the idea of still further limiting them. Let us consider again their method and their theory, and let us take up their method first.

In an inexact science, the personal equation counts for more, and in a more fundamental way than in an exact science, like, say, astronomy. The personal equation in astronomy might give you an

error in the calculation of an eclipse, but in ethnology it might lead you to yourself eclipse and hide from sight whole natural laws, as important to you as is the law of gravitation to the astronomer.

Just to show how this can be done: Every pea in a pod is different, from every other pea, and like every other to one type of man the differences will seem most important, and to another type, the resemblances. To the seed grower the peas are infinitely different, to the cook they are alike. Similarly, every calf is unlike its brother, and the farmer, interested in cattle breeding, can hardly be brought to realize that after all, they are about the same—they are all bull-calves of a certain breed. Similarly again, every tribe in any of Morgan's stages, is unlike any other tribe there, and the modern college anthropologist, both because he is soaked in a pluralistic, liberal, individualistic atmosphere, and because he is an anthropologist, which means a specialist, will certainly emphasize the slight differences, and can hardly be forced to take any cognizance of the resemblances. Morgan, with his wider classical and historical education, and because he was active before William James got busy with his pragmatism, escaped this tendency to distort. Lowie, Goldenweiser and Boas did not so escape, which is why I have devoted so much time in the second section of this article to a discussion of their personal history.

(Continued on page Thirty-two)

*NOTE: Under capitalism, where commodity production prevails, herded cattle are not milked because the milk can not be carried so far to market, so our milk comes from artificially evolved farm-fed Holsteins and Jerseys kept on small, highly cultivated farms close to the big cities. The distended udder, weak physique, and tremendous appetite of the dairy cow of modern times makes her also unsuited to range life. But in pre-capitalistic societies, where the milk is not sold but used by the herders, range cattle are the source of milk, and only peoples who have herds develop a taste for milk.

About Free Speech

R. F. Pettigrew served in public life for half a century. He represented South Dakota in the United States Senate. Then he wrote a book that all should read: "Imperial Washington." What he thinks about free speech is pointedly presented here.

By R. F. PETTIGREW

YOU ask me to write an article for your magazine on the subject of freedom of speech. That question was supposed to have been settled so far as this country is concerned, by the amendments to the Constitution—the first ten amendments.

I wish you would read the chapter in my book, "Imperial Washington," on the Constitutional Convention and on the Supreme Court. I consider it entirely useless to agitate the question of freedom of speech or freedom of the press, for the reason that this government has abandoned all semblance of freedom and has become an autocracy of artificial persons. The capitol is no longer in Washington. It has moved to New York, and a band of exploiting scoundrels absolutely run, not only the President, who is their rubber stamp, but the Supreme Court who are their attorneys, and also both houses of Congress.

We are a government of, by and for the corporations. To discuss the question of freedom of speech is utterly idle.

The only remedy there is for existing conditions is for the people who are engaged in useful occupations, to unite politically and take possession of the government. I would like the platform to consist of eight words, "Every man is entitled to what he produces." "All power to the people who do the work and produce the wealth." Then as a slogan, "The exploitation of man by his fellow man must cease." That is the issue and the only issue.

The exploitation of everybody who toils getting out of all the products of their toil but a bare existence, has destroyed the moral character of the American people, not only the moral character of those who are exploited, but the exploiters themselves, and this moral character can be restored only by those who do the work and produce the wealth taking possession of the government and administering it in the rights of man rather than in the rights of property in the hands of the men who do not produce the property.

I wish your organization would take up this issue. You do in a way, but it is indirect. You should take it up directly and appeal to the men who do the work and produce the wealth to join you. You could declare that you would receive only those as members who were engaged in some useful occupation, and that would exclude all those people who are engaged in the criminal business of practicing law.

By THE EDITOR

WHAT Mr. Pettigrew says about the denial of alleged civil rights is so glaringly apparent, so widespread and violent that no one can take issue with him on that score. The highest government officials, presidents, secretaries of state, supreme court justices and others have expressed opinions supporting his contention. They have said that the corporation character of ownership of the United States government has abrogated that modicum of liberty, to which the people in pre-war and inter-bellum periods were accustomed, so thoroughly that there is no indication of a return to the more democratic forms. These eminently respectable, patriotic gentlemen say that the repressive policy emanating from economic control by a minority is bound to lead to grave friction. Translated from the solemn language of diplomacy this means to social explosions—rebellions, insurrections and revolutions.

Mr. Pettigrew has long observed this development with discerning eyes. It is, however, strange that one alert to the economic nature of the blocs dictating political government should advocate parliamentary endeavor by the producers to achieve their economic deliverance. But before proposing this perfectly innocuous plan of attack he brushes aside the free speech matter as utterly unworthy of discussion. Let us examine the mettle of the question.

For capitalists in control of industry to discuss free speech for themselves is as unthinkable as to hear them arguing about their right to eat. They are eating and living as well as they can according to their tastes. Creature comforts are secured to them, and taken as a matter of course, just like breathing fresh air or swapping wives half a dozen times a year or oftener. They regard their power of untrammelled expression in the same matter-of-fact way. They have free speech; why talk about it?

The proposition assumes a very different aspect when related to the workers. They are members of a subject class. Advancement of opinions by them rests on their ability to exchange ideas freely. It is absolutely essential to revolutionary labor that it be not prevented from forwarding its thoughts through speech and press and assemblage, if it is to mold proletarian conceptions to arouse their class for the fight against wage slavery.

Free speech, then, is not an abstract principle for us to consider. We are wholly mindful of its utility. We do not care for it as a liberal sentiment. We are interested in its application as an instrument, a weapon, a means to an end. Free speech must be fought for and defended by the workers because it is a lever upon which their economic status rests. Permit it to disappear and the level of our existence is lowered.

In closing it may be pertinent to remind my opponent that the I. W. W. appeals directly to wage workers for economic direct action against capitalist exploitation. None but wage workers are eligible to membership. This excludes both large and small capitalists, and keeps the organization confined strictly to men and women who work for wages. Given the circumstances a powerful, industrially organized proletarian vanguard situated in strategic industries can achieve human freedom. We have no rights that we cannot maintain. The things given to us are gifts. Free speech as a right has never existed for the workers in America. In every military crisis, and in the more prominent economic outbreaks between the masters and slaves it has failed to hold its own. As we organize industrially it becomes more secure, and when the war of the classes is over it shall be the common property and right of all individuals.

The Shame of California

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS



This is the shame of the orange state
That sits by the western sea
Where the tide comes in through the
Golden Gate
And the great ships go out free;
This is the crime of a sunny clime
That I write for the years to read,
So the babes unborn can visit their scorn
On the fruits of the System's greed.

Now the land was fair, and the land was
broad,
And rich in timber and soil,
But the Masters came and they fenced it all
From the hands of the men that toil;

With only the right that spoilers have,
And ruthless to maim and kill,
The seal of their brand was set on the land
And held it to their will.

They reaped the fruits they had never
sowed,

They pillaged the forest glade,
From the sweat of slaves beneath the goad
Were their ill-got dollars made;
And their power grew as their fortunes
grew

And bought laws served them well,
And in fifty years the state was theirs—
And they turned it into hell.

Blood, blood, blood, and an ocean of tears.
And a long, long, lonely road,
With a crucified worker at every step
And a slave beneath the goad;
Red, red, red, on a harlot's bed,
Living a life of shame,
Magdalene Marys spacing the miles
And a mother to curse their name.

They worked in the hop, and it was their
brawn
That turned the hop into gold,
But the Master's bins were filled to the
brims
And the bit they got—was doled.
They worked in the hop, till a voice cried
Stop!
And they stood on their feet like men;
Then the gunmen's lead took its toll of dead
And their best went to the "pen."

In Folsom Jail where the convicts pale
Go hopeless to and fro,
The bars are strong and the days are long
And the hours things of woe,
And there are done beneath the sun
Sadistic deeds of shame
That would appall the hardest hearts
And make men curse its name.

II

In a city great by the Golden Gate
Where the winds blow damp and keen
The workers toiled and the workers moiled
For their wages small and mean;
That the wheels might turn and the street
lights burn
And their Masters' fortunes swell
They guided the cars and shifted the bars
And jangled the signal bell.

Then the call went out, and they answered
the shout,
And organized with a will:
"Shall we work like dogs and be housed
like hogs
And feed on the packers' swill?
Shall our children starve and our wives
grow old
And our girls go the 'easy way'?
—By the Union, No! We've earned it, so
More pay—we want more pay!"

Now the lust of greed is a murderous lust
And it has a heart of hate,
So the hired hand threw the flaming brand,
And a man went to his fate.
They builded the gallows and stretched the
rope
And knotted the noose with a lie,—
But the sailors of Russia cried their threat
And Mooney did not die.

Bars, bars, bars, and an ocean of tears
And a tale of lust and greed,
With a shackled worker on every page
And a murdered one to bleed.
Beg, beg, beg, with hardly a rag
To cover the naked back,
Desperate men out of a job
And twisted on the rack!

In Pedro town where the rusted-brown
Big freighters come in from sea,
The men on the docks went out with a shout
In the name of liberty;
But the Masters' pugs and the Masters'
thugs
With their clubs and guns were there,
And they herded the men in the shelterless
pen
That stretched one on his bier.

White, white, white, in their hooded robes
But black as the fiend beneath
Are the cowards who came under cover of
night
To bring a woman death.
Tools, tools, tools, and morons and fools
And yellow to the core
Are the dastards who came without pity or
shame
To wallow in children's gore!

This is the shame of the orange state
That sits by the western sea
Where the tide comes in on the rugged
strand
And the great ships go out free;
This is the crime of a sunny clime
That I write for the years to read,
So the babes unborn can visit their scorn
On the fruits of the System's greed.

The Saddest Strike

WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA By BETSY MATTHIAS

IT WAS IN 1917. That year of the big general (?) strike in Sydney, when men, who sold their labor power to industrial bosses of that city, were battling, per medium of strike, for better conditions.

It was a memorable strike—a sad fiasco—still they tried.

To you mockers of its failure let me tell you that because they failed doesn't prove they were wrong.

But this strike I want to tell you about is an even sadder strike. It happened at the same time.

It was a strike of a section of women who plied their sex machinery and sold their sex power to the men of that city of Sydney. Women, quite dead to natural sex selection, who just trafficked their bodies to earn a living of cheap food, clothes, and slum shelter. Driven to it because they had no training or inheritances as artisans, or any profession, or economic luck in the marriage market.

Mrs. Erricson, known as "Auntie" amongst a certain I. W. W. clique led me to this saddest of strikes that I've ever witnessed.

She had heard that a poor maiden sweet old lady, who had a little "tin-pot" grocery business was very ill and had to be removed to a hospital; so "Auntie" volunteered to mind the shop and home, until the patient came back. The shop was in Woolloomooloo, (Woolloomooloo is Australia's lowest and most degraded proletarian district) Sydney, corner of a narrow lane and Forbes Street. I visited "Auntie" there and this is what I saw and heard.

A crowd of women, excited, all of similar type, were gathered together in "mob" style at the entrance of the lane. They were hurling curses, reprimands, in language neither classical nor pretty at one of their own clique—a frail young woman. A few men were sitting on the curbstone, who, by profession, were "bludgers" on these women—or "runners up," keeping "nit" when likely police were about. The men were very quiet—having enough "savvy" to keep docile during this wild female jangle of wild, wild women.

"Garn, yer scab—fancy taking half-er-crown. You'll be down to a 'bob' soon. How the hell do yer think we can live while the likes er you are about, selling your carcass to blokes at two bob a year. I suppose when all ther soldiers come back, yer'll be patriotic enuff to offer yerself fer nix, fer yer country's sake." There was a shuffle amongst the mob of women—they were rumbling and snorting with anger.

My heart felt sick, my senses reeled to see my sisters of Australia in such a condition—forced to fight thus for food and shelter. It was my first real experience amongst the prostitutes of my own sex.

The accused girl—womanlike—slunk back in fear. One never knew the moment when she'd be "scruffed," and beaten, and hair torn by her angry pals of the "pavement profession".

"Let me alone," she blubbered, half defiant, half

mad, like some scared animal, as she beat the air with her long, slender, shapely arms, trying to get away from the mob of women who had her hemmed in.

"Let yer alone? Fer two pins, I'd kick yer gutts in—anything I hates is a scab. Gord, I believe he's worse than a cop; and a woman scab—Gord, she's lower than a female D—, and, strike me fat, she's less than mud." One of the "bludgers" excitedly interrupted: "Nick, here's a couple of cops." Things were a bit quieter for a few minutes. I did not see any "cops" (policeman) appearing, so jumped to the conclusion that the "bludger bloke" was a shrewd diplomat, and understood a psychological moment to a perfect poise. Fearing for the attacked woman's chances if the fight boiled over too much, he attempted to quell it with the auto suggestion that the "cops" were in close vicinity.

Another woman in the crowd stepped forward. She had such wonderful eyes—large pools of human understanding, flashing experience and tolerance. She spoke placidly, firmly and sadly. "Let her alone, girls. She ain't all ter blame. These are hard times. There's a big strike on. My old man's in it. He talks about economic circumstance stuff. I don't quite get the hang of it, but still I have horse sense, and in me own way I understand. Tell yer the truth, the men ain't got the money—so what's the girl to do? Don't suppose she'd sell herself fer two and six if she could get more. She's out o' work at the factory this long time. She's pretty yer know—if the cash was flush she'd get it alright."

The beautiful-eyed woman glanced severely—challengingly—and continued: "God knows, we women have a hard enough time in this world of queer happenings—a world of idle rich who rob the poor workers—a world bossed by men who are always forcing war, misery, and conditions as in these slums. 'Tis men's unemployment makes this girl accept a small toll. Let's get at the cause—the real cause—and never mind downing the poor devil of a girl who is in dire straits. Blame the big bosses of the world, who work the workers at low wages, and then throw them out of employment when all the goods are piled up."

Some of the women, hard-faced, lined with care more than with age, screwed up their eyes, pondering, as though the logic of their neighbor was dawning upon them. In the meantime, the two and six-penny scab had flown while she was lucky. I saw her in the distance, standing, trembling, in the doorway of a shanty in the lane. She looked like a hunted, beautiful, untamed deer, quite unfit for her surroundings.

There is lots more I could tell you of that district, but it hurts too much to linger long on such gruesome truths of my birthland—sunny Australia.

Then they ask me: "What do you want a revolution for? What do you want another system of Society for?"

Women and War

By ELLA LUTTERMAN

To our women readers: Do you think this writer has the correct grasp of the subjects she has touched on in this short article? A discussion is sure to be enlightening. You are invited to send in your opinions. A larger number of manuscripts should be submitted by our radical women. Here's hoping that they deluge the editor with some really excellent thoughts.

IN his treatment of the editorial in the Dearborn Independent, "Child Labor vs. the Amendment," we have Mr. John Hammond (in a letter to the Des Moines Register) to thank for acting as spokesman on the right track when he attacks the malicious abuse of a humanitarian division of our citizenship.

That a new construction is being brought to bear upon the theory of government, in general, involving the cleavage of property rights and human rights, and the sifting of issues to their core, is not to be minimized.

When delegates of nine women's organizations convene for six days in august deliberation, for the purpose of determining the causes and cure of war, it means a protest of the line of least resistance.

True to the custom of masculine psychology, Real Admiral W. W. Phelps of the navy general board speaks to the women's auxiliary of the American Legion in terms of commerce and British intervention, citing the inadequacy of "your navy to keep open our trade routes."

Discussing the war department's study of "woman power," Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, chief of staff, told the auxiliary before a George Washington birthday meeting that the time for maneuvers on a large scale is here, and that the first of three possible solutions is, "To wait until war came and then pay the price in full."

Secretary Wilbur of the navy corroborates the cold-steel view when he stipulated before a body of women the express purpose of the navy, i. e., to fight.

In the light of logical sequence as applied to present-day developments, can these summary answers be acceptable to women as final? They can not?

For if the franchise grants to women any voice whatsoever in the shaping of policies, this will be swayed by the human angle, as compared to the traditional thinking in terms of material gain under a competitive system that knows no other cure than demanding the lives of their sons and fathers.

The crux of the thing to be solved, as pitted against the prospect of a modern war, is not vested

in the proposition of military defense at all, and women know it. They have risen to the class designated by Lincoln, that cannot always be fooled.

When trade expansion, foreign investments and loans rise to such significance as to jeopardize the very safety of any nation or nations—when prosperity reverses upon itself as the victim—the rational viewpoint of directing international policy is not, in the minds of some, scientific warfare, but scientific adjustment, respectively.

There is a solution! But it is not to be found in defending the overlapping claims of imperialistic expansion by methods of competitive force in armaments. Considering chemical, aerial warfare, the issue falls to the negative, when a crazed, embittered, poisoned world becomes the price of self-defense. Let sovereigns be grave—there is no self-defense in that, not even on the sacred altar of protecting property rights and where, then, is the honor? The peoples of the world do not demand it.

"The more I study the world," reflected Napoleon Bonaparte, "the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." When official authorities become broadened to accept the fact that the tension of international affairs will respond to a recognition of mutual service as above material profit, then we can focus on something constructive besides speculating on the "next war."

Certain it is that, if commissioner of education of Maine, Mr. C. Thoms, applies his declaration that students in the schools should be taught to study world news and to think in world terms, there must also be a world language to make it effective in an international sense.

Here Europe has preceded us in foresight. As the official, auxiliary language, Esperanto is rapidly gaining favor and has already been made a regular study, in at least four nations. Many of the leading international associations have adopted its use, and as an effective peace measure it will only be a matter of time before America too shall see fit to equip her students with a knowledge of this auxiliary, which promises to be the future means of world communication by radio and aviation.



How Marx Studied Economics

By CARD No. 4306

PERHAPS your readers may be interested to learn of the incident that led Karl Marx to write his three volumes known as "Das Kapital," and the reason that made it even possible for him to do so.

Marx, having had the advantage of a university education, and also having a natural inclination to study various sciences, among them political economy, of which he was considered somewhat of an authority, used his influence as editor of a German newspaper to create interest in this science among the readers of his paper by inviting them to discuss various economic problems of the day, as well as ask questions to be answered through the columns of the paper.

At that time, Germany being the only real rival of England for the world's trade, it was only natural that considerable discussion of this nature should take place in a paper that adopted and encouraged such discussion. It finally resulted in Marx getting three economic problems presented to him for solution by an interested reader, and Marx found himself unable to give a correct solution. Therefore, like a true scientist who forms theories from facts, and not facts from theories, Marx retired from his editorial chair to devote his time to discover why he could not correctly answer these problems.

After some time he discovered that the definition of the term **Capital**: "Wealth used to produce wealth" was like salt that had lost its savor, by no longer containing the essence of the thing defined, and while it had been applicable to the savage with his bow and arrow, and even to a system of barter, was entirely out of date when applied to machine production. So he sought for a definition that would contain the essence of the term, and found it by making an addition to the old definition, so that the change was substantially this: **Capital**: wealth used to produce more wealth by means of exploitation.

It was this definition that both gave him the keynote to his work

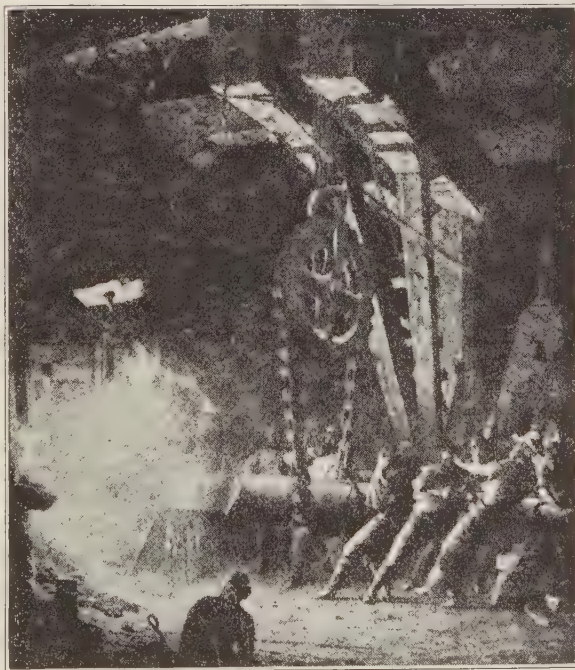
"Das Kapital," and to the correct answer to the three problems already presented to him. It also enabled him to predict the trend of capitalism in its future course as accurately as an astronomer can predict the time of an eclipse of the sun by the moon, and even the section of the world in which the eclipse would be visible.

Like all true scientists who discover that old theories do not conform to facts he was denounced and vilified by those whose interests would be jeopardized by the acceptance of the new, and by the political economists of the old school possibly through jealousy.

It is quite within the realms of reason to assume that some of them had discovered shortcomings in the accepted theories of the science, but could not discover the remedy for them, or had not the courage that Marx had to attempt the job, knowing what they would be up against.

The fact that some people prefer to fit facts to theories rather than to found theories from facts reminds me of getting some years ago from the Seattle public library a book on logic, written by Professor Jevons, a Jesuit priest. This book was written solely with idea of proving the logical existence of a God, which of course comes in the later part of the book. Now all priests have an economic interest to serve, in having the human race accept the God idea, hence the above work by Professor Jevons. Logicians of course make the best sophists when it answers their purpose in accomplishing the object they seek to attain.

There are still plenty of such logicians in capitalist universities, and they have a peculiar interest in misinforming people about economics, the science that most directly concerns the master class they serve. But the workers, whose interests are not at all jeopardized by true answers to those three questions, the study of Marxian science gains ground daily. They are also learning to apply what they learn by joining industrial unions.



To Such As These—The Tool-Using Millions
In Every Part of the Earth—Marx Said,
"Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose
But Your Chains, and a
World to Gain!"

Was Morgan Wrong?

(Continued from page Twenty-five)



Australians—They Are Uncivilized

Now we have reached this point in our argument: It is admitted that there may be a few exceptions to the Morgan classification, but it is proven that as long as these are not numerous, the fact of their being exceptions does little damage to the theory. It is likewise proven that the field to which these exceptions are confined is not large enough for sufficient exceptions to vitiate Morgan's theories. Moreover, we have laid a theoretical foundation for the belief that within this field, the "New School" has found exceptions which do not exist, found them by a process of exaggeration of differences and overlooking of resemblances, for

which indeed they are **not** looking, because of psychological reasons, which are in turn a product of their environment.

Let us take up a few of the cases which they consider exceptions, not with any idea of exhausting the list, but for the sake of example. (I do remember the Pioneer has only forty-eight pages).

See in Section III Lowie's statement that the Chinese do not drink milk, although the Zulu's do. Lowie says this shows a difference of reaction by two peoples to the same environment and argues for uniqueness of culture.

Seriously recollect, for a moment, have you ever heard of a Chinese cattle herder? No, the Chinese are not cowboys, or even foot herders. They are not a pastoral people at all. They have an intensive agriculture and they have a petty bourgeoisie of traders, and a class of skilled artisans or handicraftsmen. Cow's milk is for them something rather unfamiliar. It is in about the same category as mare's milk would be for us. Or, it is like the "love apple" my grandmother used to tell me about, something considered to be poisonous, because unfamiliar, and with a prejudice against it. Nowadays we call these "love apples" **tomatoes**, and here in Chicago we pay thirty cents a pound for them.

The inhabitants of the western grass lands of China are not essentially different in race, previous history (if you go back far enough) or even in language from the Chinese, and they drink milk and make butter. Theirs is a cow country.

Observe that Lowie urges it (Section III, above) as an argument for the uniqueness of each tribal culture that the Tungus rides his reindeer while the Chuckchee harnesses his to a sledge.

But both these peoples, so Goldenweiser admits (**Early Civilization**, p. 295), got their knowledge of domesticated animals from the Turks (the Chuckchee got it through the Tungus) and they got it in comparatively recent times. Their own culture was considerably lower, and they modified the use of the only big animal they could domesticate, to suit their own previous ideas of things, and also to suit the unchangeable natural conditions. The Chuckchee live right up in the north-eastern tip of Siberia where conditions are about like that of any other part of Eskimo land. Sledges are the mode of transportation, and the reindeer was substituted for the dog, which the true Eskimo still use. But the Tungus people live in central Siberia, and part of them well towards the south—they could use sledges part of the time, but it is also natural to ride horseback over the plains, or in this case, reindeer-back. Perhaps it never would be as convenient for the Chuckchee to ride on animals forging their way through snow as to have them pull sledges, but if the Tunguses are given time, they

will surely develop reindeer-pulled sledges for the snowfields in winter, and then there will not be that argument left any longer. Then the civilization of these tribes will be surprisingly alike, in that respect at least.

Here is another example, from Goldenweiser's *Ancient Civilization*, p. 309: "In both cases (in New Ireland and in the North-West Coast region) the art objects in question consist of decorated poles. The carved decorations to which color is applied represent animals intertwined in various ways. In both localities, finally, these poles have a symbolic religious significance and figure in ceremonies. Such are the similarities. But there are differences. The totemic poles of New Ireland are small ceremonial objects, some three to five feet high; the carved decoration is in the form of open work or filigree, the whole carving producing a light lace-like effect. The totem poles of the North-west Coast, on the other hand, are gigantic posts looming above the roofs of the houses, while the carving is in high or low relief, but not in open work, the total effect being ponderous and massive."

Now New Ireland is clear across the Pacific Ocean from the Northwest Coast, and is in the tropics, while the Northwest Coast is way up near Alaska. The mere fact that both these people, in nearly the same stage of material development should have both used totem poles, carved of wood, with religious connotation, etc., would seem significant enough to some people. Goldenweiser sees the difference in the sort of carving and size of the pole as the important thing.

When Goldenweiser is expatiating on the fact that the culture of the five tribes he uses as test cases in his *Early Civilization* are peculiar to large geographical stretches, he makes statements like this: "There is the limitation of the power of the chief, a characteristic of North America." His argument is that this limitation is one of the things which marks of North American culture from others. That, of course, even a casual reference to Ratzel or Keane will show to be a mistake. There is a council of elders, and decided limitation of the power of the chief in many African tribes. In the case even of the Zulu monarchy, the first great king, Chaka, overthrew the power of this council—another case of the Morgan theory of the war chief seizing complete power during the transition stage from lower to middle barbarism, which is what the Zulus were doing. Even the Baganda, who had made a still farther advance had traces of a former check on the authority of their king. The fierce Ashanti of the West Coast of Africa were also in the transition stage, and had kings who habitually acted with authority, but who were still bound in times of peace by unwritten law, custom and a council of petty chiefs or headmen (ELLIS, *Tshi-Speaking Peoples of West Africa*).

It is true that in these relatively advanced African tribes, there were hereditary elders, or petty chiefs, but then, there was a strong tendency in

that direction among the American Indians—even among the Iroquois. The Africans went a very little farther.

Furthermore, the chiefs of most of Malenesia, Papua, Borneo, the Bismark Archipelago, where the people are all in similar stages, according to Morgan, as the American Indians, have very little power except in times of war, and in some cases are limited by the actions of a formal council of petty headmen, or of elders.

Even in parts of Polynesia, where the people when the whites came were in general in the higher stages of savagery, and where, for special reasons we shall consider soon, the power of chiefs and nobles was quite large, there were formal limitations by act of council on the chiefs. "It is the family that is the unit in the Maori clan or tribe as far as the possession of land is concerned . . . the council of elders or representatives is the final appeal in all matters of dispute, and has great influence over the actions and decisions of the ariki or chief. On the other hand, once war has begun the chief is supreme, although when it is over he lapses into not more than the member of the oligarchy, or even the common member of the democracy. He has no more right to the land than any other in the family. . . . There was scope left for the rise of a minor, and the council of elders and the general community had as much to do with the selection for the chieftainship as heredity . . ." (J. MACMILLAN BROWN, *Maori and Polynesian*, page 74).

Goldenweiser and Lowie complain that the gens and clan are too much lumped together by evolutionists. True to their pluralistic training, the followers of the "New School" insist vigorously on the difference between them. They admit that these organizations exist in much more than half of the primitive tribes left with us—but they point out that the functions of the organizations differ, and especially that in Negro Africa; they tend to become owners of certain crafts and trades.

But the gens as a subdivision of the social body, based on kinship, and acting as a restriction on marriage, has that function at least. To the ordinary person it would seem very significant that the American Indian, the Pacific Islander, the Australian native, to say nothing of the ancient ancestors of modern civilized Europeans and Asiatics have all developed such kinship groups, which affect marriage, and form a basis for social organization, if they do not entirely compose that organization. When it is shown, as it can be shown, that this condition exists while people have a pre-metallic culture, and that it disappears as soon as a culture developed on metals really unfolds itself, then this fact of the widespread gentile organization becomes still more important. Much more important than the undeniable fact that sometimes the gens is maternal (the clan) and sometimes paternal; sometimes it is totemic, and sometimes not, and that sometimes certain gentiles are restricted to certain occupations, and sometimes not, etc.

Usually where it cannot be shown than the gens developed out of the clan, some reason why not can be found, some exceptional obstacle which deviated the main line of progress. Likewise, most gens which are becoming castes (occupational groups) exist in Africa, among nations which, like the Baganda, are getting to that stage of the game—becoming feudalistic, setting up master class religions and elaborate courts, etc.

Boas thinks that if Morgan is right pottery should be found among the African Bushmen because of their development in other ways, and they don't have pottery. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether this people is ready for pottery. The Bushmen are rude, wandering people who have bows and arrows, but do not come up to the level of the American Indian in any other respect, except possibly in art. They do not build huts; they have practically no clothing; they have no baskets, except a very poor sort, almost a net, in which they carry ostrich eggs, the shells of which serve them to a very considerable extent instead of pottery. Perhaps they did not need pottery, on account of just these eggs, but still it is probably better to class them in Morgan's third stage of savagery, the pre-pottery stage. The reason the "newer" anthropologists object to that, and claim the Bushmen do not fit Morgan's classification, which is therefore wrong, is that in the Bushman country there are excellent rock drawings, showing a fine sense of art. The argument is that people who can draw as well as this are very advanced indeed.

Well, the Morganites can make two answers. The first is, that these rock drawings in the Kalihara desert of Africa are remarkably like the ancient cave art of Cro-Magnon times in Europe. Is there any proof that it is not the same? Is there any reliable proof that the Bushmen drew the best of them, or if they did, were they not simply copying photographically and without understanding some ancient drawings?

And the other answer is that art, least of all human activities, will serve as a measure of human progress. Morgan never claimed that art, mere skill and an eye for beauty, followed his scheme of human progress. No one will seriously deny that Chicago of today is more civilized in material ways and farther advanced in social organization than was Florence of the Renaissance. But does that mean that Lorado Taft is as good as Michael Angelo? Where is our Benvenuto Cellini, our Raphael, our Leonardo di Vinci? We are higher in general culture, and even in the science of architecture than the Middle Ages, but where are our beautiful cathedrals—our rose windows equal to that of Rheims? Art is the worst of all possible gauges of general cultural progress, for it depends so much more than other things do on individual genius, individual emotion, individual skill, and so much less than other things on scientific progress. We Morganites are not absolutely denying that the Southwest Africans may have a fine artistic hand. We are merely asserting that they are probably not far enough ad-

vanced according to Morgan's classification to be ready for pottery, and on account of the ostrich eggs, might not invent it very soon even if they were.

Again, Goldenweiser says (quoted in Section III, above) that localized industries are characteristic of the American culture area, distinguished from the others. But I call your attention to the fact that in Oceania, large sections of which are peculiarly like the Northwest Coast of America in native culture, there is even a localized arrow industry in one of the Solomon Islands (Buka), and that in the Fiji Islands there is a localized pottery industry, restricted to a part of the group, that in some places kava drinking and manufacture is a highly developed occupation, and in others does not exist—that some of the island groups make bark cloth, and some make only mats, etc.

Practically all of these islanders fit into either Morgan's third stage of savagery, or first stage of barbarism, the same as the American Indians. Why not say that specialized culture is a characteristic of these two stages, rather than of any certain geographical area? As civilization comes nearer, culture becomes more complex in each tribe, communication between the tribes or peoples is better, and all are more alike—you no longer find so much specialization, though there is still some, due to different natural resources, mainly.

Now in regard to this iron in Negro Africa. There is no evidence of a copper age in Negro Africa. Many of the peoples who use iron there are in the condition of emergence from second barbarism to third, that is, they have gone as far as they can without the use of some metal. When the Europeans reached this position **they** had available both copper and iron, and they all took up copper first. But if copper was scarce, and if rich iron ore was freely exposed, as it is in some parts of Africa, it is just possible that they might have developed an iron industry without the use of copper. Morgan knew this. He explicitly deprecates the emphasis which former anthropologists have placed on the "bronze age."

"The invention of the process of smelting iron ore created an ethnical epoch, yet we could scarcely date another from the production of bronze." (**Ancient Society**, p. 8.)

But we are not ready to admit that the African Negro actually developed an iron age without a bronze age. It is extremely probable that Negro Africa got its iron from the same sources from which it got its white blood, and all ethnologists are nowadays ready to admit freely that nearly every tribe in Africa shows admixture of white blood, and some of them are very mixed. Negro Africa had contact with the iron using Egyptians, with the iron using Arabs and Berbers, and probably with very ancient, iron using Jews, Arameans, or Phoenicians. Who will explain Great Zimbabwe? What about the Phoenician circumnavigation of Africa? Are the Abyssinian rulers really descended from the kings of Israel, as they claim? Where was the Biblical

Land of Ophir? Let some of these questions be answered before Lowie so readily contends that the Negroes developed iron before they did bronze. If the art of smelting iron was taught Negro Africa while they were still in the stone age, they would probably not bother with copper, and would be like the ancient Britons, who also, according to Morgan, had iron imported before they had evolved to the point of discovering it. When that happens, there is progress, but not proportional progress. The typical iron culture, field agriculture, stone buildings, political government, etc., does not develop at once. Morgan placed the iron using ancient Britons in the Middle Stage of Barbarism, among the non-iron using people.

Godenweiser protests against placing the Australians down below the American Indians in culture, where Morgan puts them because they have not invented the bow and arrow, and some other material things, like houses and tents, etc. Goldenweiser and the others of the American School are always saying, "What a wonderful invention is the boomerang—and what an intricate and ingenious class system have these Australians! Doesn't that prove they are really advanced in culture, in this respect, and therefore not to be classified with the other non-bow using peoples? Unique are they, like all other primitive "civilizations"!

Here is another case where the answer *might* be that in the second stage of savagery, which is where Morgan put these Central Australians, there may be the same sort of unilateral and specialized development of one art or craft that we find in the third stage of savagery and the first of barbarism, the real reason being largely lack of good communication.

But this is probably admitting too much. The boomerang isn't so much. The returning boomerang is a toy, useless in practice as a weapon. The boomerang that is used is merely a peculiarly shaped throwing club, not any better for throwing, probably, than the South African knob-kerrie, and not half so good a weapon for close fighting. Australian social features like the power of the aged, are very primitive, according to W. H. R. Rivers, (*A History of Melanesian Society*, Vol. 2, Page 59). The gerontocracy is an obsolete and nearly abandoned system of social control of the now much more advanced Banks Islanders, and many other Melanesians. Mere complexity means nothing, Herbert Spencer to the contrary notwithstanding, for the whole clan or gentile system is more complex than the first arbitrary autocracies which come much later.

Private property exists in all stages of primitive life, say Goldenweiser, Lowie, and Boas. Well, who said it did not? But what the Morganites do say is that private property in land and cattle, that is, private property in the sources of sustenance, comes into existence only at the grand turning point—in field agriculture, or in pastoral existence, with certain important but easily explained exceptions, to be touched on later in this magazine. Morgan admitted that there was in primitive communism, private property in ornaments and dress, and in the tools

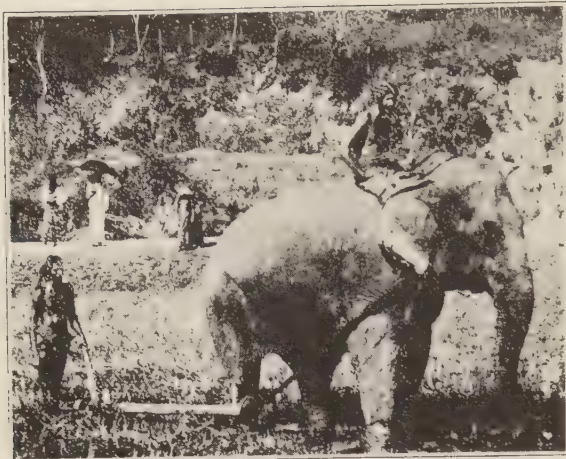
which men could make for themselves, as individuals. Very likely there will also be such private property in the communism that is to come. When we say, common property," either past or present, we mean productive property such as land, machinery, pasture, hunting grounds, etc.

If there were time, we could go into the land question in Africa, and show how the same thing is taking place in the present day nations that took place in ancient Greece and Rome, the war chiefs and the upper class of headmen, through the use of slaves, and by representing the nation in times of war, and assuming authority, creating "private property and the state."

The same thing is true of the Igorrotes of the Philippines. This article is illustrated by pictures of Igorrotes doing a wild dance, and looking very primitive. The dance is one of the social survivals of a really primitive time, when they had no iron tools, lived in kinship groups, without any authoritative chiefs, and had group marriage. Now they have iron. It was introduced to them by the Malays, and resulted in a composite, forced development, such as the African Negroes show. The Igorrotes, in spite of living in kinship groups, with such savage survivals as the dance pictured in last issue of the *Industrial Pioneer*, have a society that uses irrigation, one important domestic animal, the water buffalo, pottery, weaving, and field agriculture, of a sort of gardening—intensive variety. That is, with the exception of the iron, which is an importation, and which has not free scope for instituting large scale field agriculture, such as did exist in Greece, Rome, and other lands, the Igorrotes are in the second stage of barbarism, about where the Incas and Aztecs were. The one thing they lack is the masonry house, and they make up for this with terrace walls for their rice fields.

We would expect, as Morganites, to find developing hereditary chieftainship, private property, slavery, and monogamous marriage in this sort of a situation. It is exactly what we do find, with a tendency for chiefs to acquire private property in land, and also a tendency for peasant proprietorship to grow up. The mixture of kinship groups, powerful chiefs, and monogamous marriage, shows the transition stage. As the chiefs grow stronger, the kinship groups will die out. Within historical times, the chiefs have grown stronger, and the kinship groups weaker. According to A. L. Kroeber (*The Peoples of the Philippines*) the *barangay* (a feudal type of village) system is stronger and the kinship society weaker near the coast, where wealth is most easily acquired from the soil, and from slavery. We should expect to find in such a people a transference from maternal to paternal descent, and we do find, that among the Igorrotes there is **both** maternal and paternal descent.

This brings us to the subject of the family. The "New School" says there is no group marriage, and that "the family of parents and children has existed from time immemorial." We may as well admit, as Morgan undoubtedly would, that since men are not



GREECE AND ROME EVOLVED A MASTER CLASS

like the Hindu god Krishna, who could consort with many milk maids at the same identical moment, all mating has to be between **two** individuals, for a longer or shorter time. The Punaluan family did not prohibit men and women from living in pairs and recognizing the paternity of the child on occasion—but it meant that paternity counted for little, and that the brothers and sisters of each of the married pair could come into the domestic life whenever they pleased and claim conjugal rights, without any violation of morality or loss of prestige. This situation existed in Hawaii within historical times. When you find that the people no longer allow such rights to brothers and sisters, and that a moral code has grown up to separate them, then you consider that the Syndyasmian family has grown up, as it did in North America, the South Seas, and in Asia and Europe, in each case leaving a relic of the former system in an incomplete change in the nomenclature of relationship. Morgan's argument in this connection has never been refuted. In fact, Rivers' charts of South Sea Island relationship terms seem to add proof, though they are too long to repeat here.

Enough for the moment of this American School. Let us consider a European. L. T. Hobhouse (**Morals in Evolution**, pp. 54-57) says that kinship is the basis of social organization among the lower hunters and authority (of chiefs or of kings) among the pastoral and higher agricultural peoples. He agrees with Morgan.

Furthermore, though the marriage groups do not result in promiscuous relations within the group in every case, they are always restrictions on the choice of a wife, and within the groups wives are as a general rule, traded, lent, pawned, and also, on the occasions of great festivals, commonly enjoyed by all the men in the group. When it is considered that there are all sorts of restriction of magic, custom and taboo on the intercourse of even the "married" pairs within the Punaluan or other group, this is a condition that may, after all, properly be called "group marriage." The rights of the

husband seem to be authoritative rather than monogamous, the relationship is that of a boss, rather than that of a modern husband. There is a tendency to countenance the right of unmarried women to promiscuity within the group of their potential husbands and the right of women to change mates, within the proper group. To the layman there doesn't seem to be a great deal of difference between what Morgan thought of group marriage, and what the modern English and German schools think it consists of.

Furthermore, Hobhouse gives tables showing the proportions of the tribes in each cultural stage which trace descent through mother or father, which have clans or gentes. Among the hunters (savagery and lower barbarism) the vote is in favor of the clan by thirty-seven to eighteen. Among the pastoral people (middle barbarism), it is in favor of the gens, ten to one. In upper barbarism, of course, both disappear, and political organization takes their place.

Hobhouse agrees with Morgan, that slavery and nobility are the product of the herd and the plow, usually. (We shall find later on, that the same things which made pastoral life and field agriculture favorable soil for the development of slavery and despotic chiefs, also introduced these things among the island dwelling, canoe and fish cultured peoples.)

Of all possible peoples under observation, Hobhouse finds that seventy-eight per cent of the higher agriculturists (field agriculture but not civilization—Morgan's upper barbarians) hold slaves, and that seventy-one per cent of the pastoral people hold slaves. Only two per cent of the observed tribes of lower hunters (Morgan's second savagery) hold slaves, which is what a Morganite would expect, but is rather hard on the doctrine of "no-evolution."

Hobhouse likewise gives a table with regard to noble classes. The lower hunters have no nobles. Eleven per cent of the higher hunters (upper savagery and lower barbarism) have a noble class. (In a note he explains that most of these instances of slavery and nobility among hunters come from the Northwest Coast, the reason of which I shall explain later.) In the higher agricultural and pastoral stages (Morgan's middle barbarians and perhaps some of the upper barbarians) about a quarter of the peoples under observation have noble classes. This again is an agreement with Morgan, and shows slavery and a noble class developing in common, starting with field agriculture. Hobhouse's book is recent, being written in 1921, and Hobhouse has as good academic titles as anyone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE)

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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I Stand in the Shadows

By JACQUELINE PERREAULT

It is dark without
But light within;
I stand in the shadows
And see all.

The young immigrant boy, bright-eyed and smiling, entering the gates of the land of the free. The same boy, no longer young, dull-eyed, gazing listlessly, hopelessly, through prison bars. The state's attorney does not understand Italian—"What's one Wop more or less anyway?"

The little child whose clothes are stained—with blood—creeping beside the young mother who has fallen exhausted from the agony of the operation she has performed.

The little child just entering school, his mind to be filled with the ideas of war.

The older boy in khaki, armless, a box of pencils suspended from his neck.

The churches filled with seeking ones listening to the political speeches of their pastors: poor, helpless ones crippled in mind and body, waiting for their God to touch and cure their **bodies**. They do not know that he is a sightless god. He is made of silver and gold and his eyes are precious stones—more precious even than the streets in heaven on which the poor, helpless ones will be permitted to walk—but he can not see.

The young inventor being spirited away after perfecting his marvelous invention. The government of the few will not investigate this case. I know. I saw all.

The men in solitary confinement—political prisoners, long after the war—fighting with the rats for the white bread that is thrown them. I shudder—but I must not cover my eyes. It is my tragic fate to see and to moan. The rats win; that is why they do not die from the white bread. . . . They win.

Little children offered on the altar of Hate. Young lives blighted, fatherless, motherless. The prostitute judges and press piling tragedy on their heads. Like the cheeks of a harlot the press is painted pink. But they do not deceive me; I know they are dirty yellow underneath.

If you, too, have seen you must also feel. You must help to right these wrongs. Organize; keep together through the coming storm.

Sanity of Art

By G. BERNARD SHAW

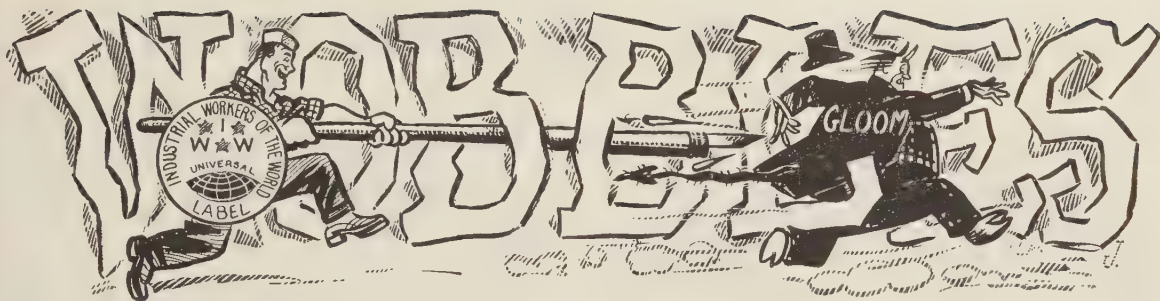
THE claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing, and rebreathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear, and utensils or fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race.

We are driven so terribly in the struggle for existence that we have little chance to know or to appreciate art. Shaw's remarks on art suggest many thoughts of a better, a nobler, a happier life; a life still unknown to the teeming millions of workers.



Paulo Veronese's painting "Industry," is one of the exquisite masterpieces of artistic genius. We are striving to bring about human relations so that all can enjoy economic security and learn the greatest of all arts, that of enjoying life in industrial freedom and plenitude.





SPLITTING EVEN

A sausage manufacturer in Milwaukee built a reputation for a certain brand of sausage.

A sanitary inspector called one day for an analysis.

"Don't you use some horse in this make of sausage?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, I use some," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Well, I make it a 50-50 proposition—one horse, one rabbit."

HOT AIR L. A.

Will Rogers says that the biggest gas bag in the world that came across the Atlantic from the Zeppelin works was christened **Los Angeles**. California canned fruit boosters and climate peddlers, take notice.

A PIONEER'S DARK AGE

A faded old clipping just brought to light tells the story of the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper.

"We begin the publication ov the Rocceay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphi-culties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox of this variety of spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It's no joque to us—it's a serious aphair.—From "**The Booster**," Denver, Colorado.

AMENDED COMMANDS

Never play slot machines before breakfast—make sure of the breakfast first.

It isn't a sin to eat sausage on Friday; it's nothing but sawdust anyhow. Use your "own dscres-sion."

Don't watch the clock—it's three minutes fast mornings and seven minutes slow evenings. . . .

—T-Bone Slim.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

A man went to a newspaper to insert a death notice.

"How much do you charge?" he asked.

"Two dollars an inch," was the reply.

"My God! He was six foot, four!"

IT'S OIL RIGHT

Rockefeller says he is thankful for the chance of being of service to his fellow men. You've noticed the stations, of course.

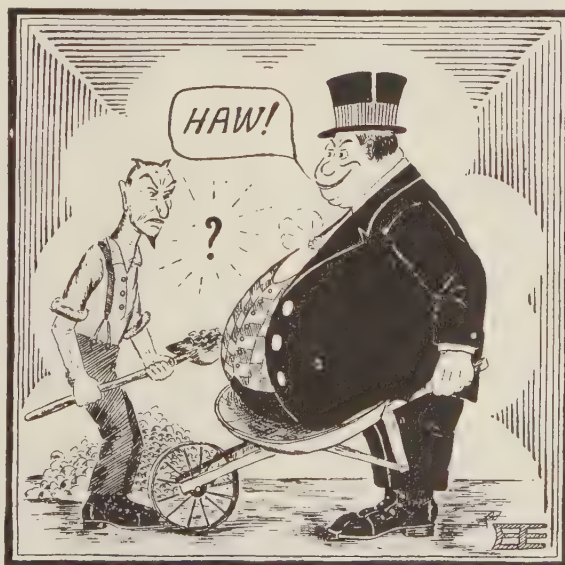
A HORSE'S DEATH

Sir: Yesterday I saw a dead horse on Morgan St. He appeared to have a tag fastened to his lip.

"He has slaved himself to death," thought I, "and now he is tagged for the soap works!" When I drew nearer, however, I saw that I was wrong. Over-work was not the cause of the old plug's death. His lip bore no tag but held between his teeth, and tilted at just the proper angle was the cause of his demise — an empty whiskey bottle.

"What," I hear some hootch-hound saying, "do you mean to tell me that booze would kill a horse?"

I assert that it would, and I have proved it—with regular murder trial evidence.



Extension Handles Will Be Necessary When the Parasite Goes to Work.



and from our souls the fetters of capitalist slavery, and from our backs the social leeches that cling there. We are making ready to destroy every last vestige of capitalist power over society. And we know that there is but one way in which to accomplish this purpose. It can not be born by fine mouthings of politicians, nor by the madness of insurrection serving the will of a new school of political fakirs. No matter that they exploit revolutionary phraseology, and drape their bureaucratic ambitions in crimson folds. Revolutionary industrial unionists refuse to bow to their neo-regal pronunciamentos.

No individual, great or small, no group or faction or class outside of the working class is going to free us. The workers must free themselves. We want an industrial communism and we are organizing on the jobs to get it. We need your aid, fellow workers. Line up in the I. W. W. and be active industrial unionists.

BUMPING THEMSELVES OFF.—Bishop Nicholson, whose flock is in Chicago (not in the stockyards), says that wealth does not make people happy, and that many of the rich are so disgusted with living that they are shocking Christendom by ending their lives. In effect he says: "Poverty is the happy state." Then he tells us that there were 20,000 suicides in this country in 1924. Of this number he says 75 were industrial captains, 23 were rich women of social distinction, and that 36 were millionnaires. The bishop then wound up with this solemn conclusion, "Wealth will not satisfy the human heart."

Let's add his figures of rich suicides. The total of millionnaires, employers and female parasites rolling in wealth who ended it all is 134. But the cleric said there were 20,000 suicides. In what class were the 19,866 the bishop failed to classify?

They were in the working class. They were poor dupes of workers who went into military service to escape unemployment; prostitutes who had tired of their terrible bid on the bread of existence; wornout mothers; desperate fathers of families they were unable to feed and clothe; ignorant victims of passions that run riot in this riotous scheme of affairs that is euphoniously called capitalism.

Wealth can not satisfy the human heart—perhaps. But excess of wealth, the race for power and social position, and the debauchery festering in an existence of indolence causes some of the rich men to crack under the strain. Still Morgan, Carnegie, Stinnes—these did not die at the average age that workers pass out their miserable lives. Ford threatens to live to be very old, and John D. Sr., is swinging a wicked mashie as a nonagenarian.

Give the workers security, and a chance to learn what life really means in love, education, common work and play, and suicides are sure to diminish

and ultimately to disappear. To live is the natural law. It is strong. But despair forced by this rotten system is even stronger—it was for 20,000 last year, and don't forget that only 134 had any chance for the Who's Who.

"NOT ALL WERE KILLED BY BULLETS"—No, not by any means," is a line from one of Joe Hill's famous anti-war songs. You recall, no doubt, the scandal about embalmed beef being sold by the packers for Teddy's heroes in Cuba, and for the other heroes gently mopping up the Philippines with Aguinaldo's independence-loving followers. Time passed and Sinclair wrote "The Jungle." Did the packers reform? Well, just listen.

Carl Haessler of the Federated Press has a story in their news sheet dated April 7, showing where an army chemist stationed at Savannah during the war found that beef in cans dated 1898, and preserved in thick lacquer, was being sold to the government for the boys "over there" in 1917 and 1918. Capitalist corruption certainly stinks to the skies. And the thought that we are all thinking is: how old is the Tutankhamen beef that they are selling now, and that we consume? Packinghouse science advances Swiftly.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of Industrial Pioneer, published Monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1925.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Geo Williams, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Industrial Pioneer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:
Publisher Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison Street.

Editor J. A. Cahan, 1001 W. Madison St.
Business Manager Geo Williams, 1001 W. Madison St.

2. That the owners are:
The Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(SEAL)

Geo Williams, Business Manager.

The Coming War Against Asia

(Continued from page 6.)

dering their allegiance to the puppet Caliphate, it is expected to make the country impotent, even if not loyal, in the coming war against Asia.

In the meantime England is constructing the great Singapore naval and air base at the cost of at least ten million pounds sterling. That it is not directed only against Japan is seen from the fact that Singapore is 3,000 miles distant from Japan, and is one of the strongest strategic centers in Asia, guarding the Bay of Bengal on one side and the South China sea with the approaches to China on the other. And it most effectively hems in the French possessions in Indo-China which, when the war breaks out, will be overrun and added to British dominion—painting the map a British red from the Suez to Hongkong.

What Singapore means is shown by Mr. W. H. Gardiner, Vice-President of the Navy League of America, in an article in the November issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, of London, in which he said:

"It may be well to recall that, in 1923, the external trade of the British Isles—upon which most British labor there lives directly or indirectly—amounted to nearly two billion pounds sterling, of which about half was carried by the Pacific and Indian Oceans, while in the same year the external trade of the United States, which has been increasing most rapidly in the Orient, was about four-fifths as large as that of the British Isles. With such IDEALS (!) and interests at stake, it would seem potent that the practical and peaceful way for America and Britain to maintain them would be for each to hold its pivotal position and dependent possessions in the Far East with such evident firmness as to make obviously futile any attempt on the part of the Japanese to carry out their southward trending marine plans.

"Whatever idealism (!) Europe and America may each indulge in at home, the fact remains that modern Asia is at least as much a realm of realism as was ANTE-BELLUM Germany—a realm in which practical conditions must be met by America and Britain, etc. . . .

"The American fleet is not as strong as it permissibly should be. . . . The British fleet is without an adequate and permissible base in the Pacific. . . . It would seem to be to the interest of Americans as well as of Britons that the construction of such a British base as that planned for Singapore be delayed as little as possible."

Mr. Gardiner then states that he has interviewed the authorities in the Dutch East Indies and has learned that they are all depending upon the Singapore naval base. In Europe we see Holland, accordingly, increasing her military and naval budget. Mr. Gardiner then reckons on the number of battleships America can accommodate in the Philippines and on the number of British battleships that can be depended upon from Singapore. Of course, he says, India will try a revolution, and many of the battleships from Singapore will have to be used in Indian waters!

Writers in *The Nation* and the *New Statesman*, of London, say that the Singapore base is built against Japan. British statesmen speak of the necessity only of using the base for the repair of British cruisers. But *The Nation* asks, "In what circumstances do we imagine that our battleships may be operating in Far Eastern waters? Do we not use battleships to protect our commerce from raiding cruisers or submarines?" The *New Statesman*, after quoting from the Japanese press on the Singapore base, says that "the Japanese anticipate a racial

war with its dread consequences, owing to America's vast resources in wealth and munitions of war."

There are many ways in which America and England are preparing for this terrible slaughter. One of these is the propaganda now being carried on for "white world solidarity." Many books, with huge circulations, have been published on "The Color Conflict," the "Rising Tide of Color," etc. In this last book, by Lothrop Stoddard, we, the "white race," are told to "shake off the shackles of an inveterate altruism, discard the vain phantom of Internationalism, and reassert the pride of race and the right of merit to rule."

In Europe, particularly, in Germany, Americans and Englishmen are carrying on a ceaseless propaganda on the color question. Every attempt is being made to keep Germany from uniting with Russia and Asia and forming a block from France right through to China. For, because of the Anglo-French conflict over the control and exploitation of Africa and the Near and Middle East, France is bound to throw in her lot with Asia. Although Germany has not yet recovered from the World War, she is being told in the press and from the platform, that her interests lie with the "white world" against Asia. Visions of Asiatic invasions" are concocted, and it is carefully omitted to mention anything of the European invasions of Asia which have gone on for three centuries and which are going to culminate in this racial war.

The issues are clear, however, to those who wish to see. Capitalist-imperialism, of which the chief standard bearers are the English and American governments, has decided to fight for its life, which means holding in its possession the sources of the raw materials which feed European industries. The Asiatic national movements threaten to destroy the system altogether, or, if not that, at least to drive out European capitalists and concentrate the economic life of that continent in the hands of its own newly arisen capitalist class. But the chances are that in the great events before us the system will be destroyed altogether. But that which interests us most of all is that the working classes of England, America and Japan, in particular, are going to be asked to wage the most terrible war in history for the sole purpose of guarding the financial and economic interests of the governments and capitalist classes concerned. The war is going to be more easily precipitated because, after all, it is easier to arouse primitive passions such as sadism, hatred and fear, against a people of another color and race than it is against our own race. Asia will be completely devastated in this struggle, for, outside of Japan, it has not the machines or implements of war with which to protect itself. It has human material which will be wasted like powder. There is but one living force which can stop this coming slaughter: that is the united action of the working class of Europe, America and Japan,—particularly of America. The American workers alone—who will be expected to be the chief aggressors in this mass murder—hold in their hands the power to stop this war.

The Reforging of Russia

REVIEWED By J. A. MacDONALD

DESPITE its shortcomings, due to that its aim is to tell what publishers, knowing what the American public wants to know of Russia, will print, "The Reforging of Russia" is a human document on present day life in Russia. It deals as fairly as possible, when one considers the audience, with the government, social institutions and life of the average Russian of today.

Mr. Hullinger, as representative of the United Press, went to Russia with a knowledge of the language, and remained there until he was deported by the Russian government for dealing with conditions which they did not wish to have revealed, especially as the representatives of that government were then going to the Genoa conference and wanted to make two deuces, or at least two nines, appear to be a royal flush.

To the student of Russian development it will serve as a means of checking up the other side of the stories reaching the United States and Canada through official Russian sources, or given us by the self-elected Russian ambassadors of the Communist party of the United States and Canada. And these stories require checking up. There are evidently things which they do not want us to know, for on no other supposition can one explain the orders that a book criticizing certain actions of the Russian and other communist movements by Leon Trotsky is not permitted to be issued in the United States or Canada. Naturally the very efforts to hide facts whet the appetite, a psychological result which those censoring this book by Trotsky, and other information regarding Russia, do not take sufficiently into consideration.

"The Reforging of Russia" first deals with the conditions that arose as the result of the change of the government of Russia from the efforts to apply communism, to a modified capitalism, becoming less and less modified as the result of economic laws beyond the control of any man or group of men. The writer does not know what these economic forces are, but he depicts for the Marxian, with his knowledge of the motive power of history, the conditions that resulted from their operation in Russia. He shows changes in the government resulting from changes in the economic base of society which political government must reflect.

The scope of the work is suggested in the opening paragraphs:

"Upon the ruins of two Russias—the Russia of the Tsars and the Red Russia of Communism—a new Russia came into being, a Russia as different on the surface from the Russia of Communism as the latter was from the Old Empire which it superseded.

"This new Russia, which dates its origin from the abandonment of Communism as the national economic system in Russia by the Bolsheviki government in 1921, is a strange national anomaly—and as fascinating as it is strange."

Mr. Hullinger was in Russia when the change to what is designated as the New Economic Policy, a modified state capitalism, so far as the large basic industries are concerned, as these remain the property of the state with a partial operation by the state, or sub-leasing to private capitalists. The rest of the field of industry and commerce is in the hands of private capital.

The manner in which these changes are outlined is fair. Every credit is given to the Bolsheviki for their genius for organization, their discipline, and that they knew what they wanted, and for their skill as propagandists. The author did not have the knowledge of the Marxian key to the understanding of history which made a going forward—not backwards—to capitalism inevitable. He did not know that the establishment of industrial communism, while possible in a nation of smokestacks, is impossible in a nation of straw stacks. Neither genius for organization, discipline, knowing what they wanted, or skill as propagandists could avail to overcome the laws of human developments which follow feudalism with capitalism, as capitalism in turn must be followed by industrial communism.

The lack of this understanding outlook on the necessity of capitalism, and its development in Russia before communism could be possible is one of the limitations of "The Reforging of Russia." But this lack of knowledge of the meaning of the phenomena with which he deals is not to be wondered at, when even Marxians in the stirring period between 1917 and 1921 too often forgot their Marx and permitted their emotions and their desires to overcome their judgments. When in March of 1917, I wrote editorially in the Industrial Worker that a political revolution had occurred in Russia, but that any industrial revolution other than from feudalism to capitalism was unthinkable, Marxian students agreed. Then they read of the second revolution, some of them saw a ship bearing the red flag in Seattle (or read of it), and their feet were swept from under them. They were blinded to the fact that capitalism, as one of the stages in human development, could not be jumped, and that a political state, of necessity reflecting an economic condition, could not dominate the industrial forces; that industrial communism must come not from the top but from the bottom, changing the foundations of society and consequently its superstructure, and destroying the state, of necessity an instrument of class rule. The great man theory, economically unsound and contrary to the verdict of history, was the basis of this unscientific emotionalism which is only now subsiding.

"From the viewpoint of evolution of world social thought, it seems unfortunate that the great essay could not have had more favorable circumstances, so that the final issue would have been a little more clear-cut and the merits and demerits of communism as a human system determined to the

satisfaction of all sides and for all time. Certain it is that civil warfare, intervention, economic isolation by all the neighbor nations,, are colossal handicaps for any system, good or bad, to start off with!"

This and dozens of other paragraphs show at once an effort to be fair, and at the same time a lack of knowledge of economic factors far greater in moulding the development of Russia than all the handicaps which he could perceive, and which not even the "master mind" of a Lenin could overcome.

This bourgeois writer, like many of the communists, are at their best—and worst—when the picture is shown of the great man dominating destiny.

"Red soldiers could keep the people in subjection, and keep the streets of Moscow free from disorder. They could compel respect for the Kremlin's authority. But they could not make the wheels of factories turn around. They could keep the peasants from rioting, but they couldn't make them plant crops. . . .

"Fortunately, the Communist Party had at its head a master mind which was able, after three years of blood and strife, to see sufficiently clearly to grasp this great fact and to act upon it. True, the discovery came late, but late as it was it came. With his usual decisiveness, Lenin set himself to the task of swerving the great current of the revolution . . . and turning it into a course which he hoped would save all from being swept into the maelstrom of things lost. It was too late to save communism as a cause. But Russia had an established order and a national discipline which three years of martial law had imposed upon the land. Russia had a government capable of enforcing its domination . . . political order based on force was still intact. Perhaps it was not too late to save these. Lenin thought it worth trying, and on that historical day in March, 1921, called together the congress of the party to ask it to take the first step towards what proved to be the abandonment of communism.

"The original resolution, strictly speaking, went no further than to sanction the resumption of small trade on a limited scale inside Russia, under governmental control. It was expressly advertised as only a slight retreat from communism, a temporary compromise in the face of great obstacles.

"But it was not a compromise; it was a surrender. Life is primitive and intense in Russia, and in any primitive life struggle, it is usually the first yielding that is decisive . . . Once in motion the force of events could be stopped only by a tremendous effort. The rulers in the Kremlin evidently concluded they would rather go along with the current and remain masters of the ship, than risk wreck again by trying to turn back."

The process of return to capitalism is described. The cobwebs were removed off the desks in the banks, the stores were reopened for trade, commissars became capitalists, and the process of the up-building of the new bourgeois class is vividly portrayed. The government, now one of opportunism, caught in the economic current had to change to conform with a developing capitalism. A currency system, a system of banking and a system of written laws that were necessary to a capitalist economy were devised, as the need for them arose out of the change in the economic method of making a living. Then followed other results of capitalism such as unemployment and strikes. Siberia again became the place of exile of political prisoners. The system of espionage and the making of stoolpigeons for the Tcheka, with the change of name, but no change in purpose, was instituted and developed to

such an extent that the present Russia has an espionage system superior to any nation in the world. The writer describes its operation and its wide and deep ramifications from intimate personal knowledge.

A chapter on "Propaganda, Red and White," shows the same willingness to be fair. He characterizes the white propaganda emanating from Reval and Helsingfors as "notoriously vicious." Another illuminating chapter deals with the "Communist Party as a Military Order." In this chapter is also contrasted the difference between the radicalism of the Third International and the opportunism which is now the fundamental characteristic of the Russian government.

The Red Army is described, given credit for its literacy, its fighting ability, and the high standard of its efficiency. Then follows the description of the lives of the peasants of Russia at the present time, written from personal experiences, but written as a newspaperman, not as a student of social forces, would write it.

In the chapter on "Marriage, Divorce and Morals," there is none of the puritanical attitude which is so usual with American writers in dealing with customs that are new to them. "Old Evils Return" deals with the growth of unemployment, repression, strikes and strife—such evils as are inevitable under capitalism, and which are growing as capitalism grows. The writer recognizes these are capitalistic evils, but holds forth the comforting hope that they can be cured under capitalism.

There are other chapters dealing with various phases of the social life and industrial activities of present-day Russia, and an estimate of the probable future of Russia, which is seen in glowing colors, with Russia as the greatest capitalist nation of Europe. Then there is an appendix, "Lenin, the Man, Personal Recollections," which is a sympathetic study of the dominant personality of modern Russia. His methods of oratory are analyzed, and an effort made to account for the power which he was able to wield within his organization and in Russia.

In "The Reforging of Russia" there is much that will challenge the attention and demand the further investigation of the student of Russian affairs. There is also much to which the radicals of America must adjust themselves. With its limitations, it presents an often convincing and human interest description of the greatest single nation on the European continent.

(THE REFORGING OF RUSSIA. By Edwin Ware Hollinger. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price \$3.00).



This System – Swedish Section

(Continued from page Ten)



This Is The World's Largest Match Factory; It Is In Sweden

only thing feudalism, and the vestiges of that system still remaining existent under the new name of nationalism, could give the small capitalists engaged in production for the open market were protective tariffs, and the preference in supplying the domestic demand for social and other government owned institutions and industries.

This has tended to create what amounts to a sort of paternalism over the small capitalists, which, in turn, has built up a laissez faire attitude among them, and the only thing that they all are convinced of is that the workers are drawing too high a wage.

The recommendations of the committee on customs for the solution of the problem is large scale production, standardization of products and specialization in the mode of production. This will result in giving more horsepower to each worker. It will make the same worker more productive, and his

wage will rise. At the same time the profit rate will also mount for the capitalist owner.

For a time the worker engaged in the industry will enjoy a higher real wage at the expense of the workers in agriculture and other industries where his necessities of life are being produced, until they, too, get into the stride of a higher productivity.

Needless to mention that this will create unemployment at a rate never before known in this country, which must aid in lowering the much expected and short-lived high wage. Then the vicious circle will be complete. As I mentioned before, the capitalists in Sweden are in complete accord in denouncing high wages for workers in their employ. However, statistics, that are not biased for the working class, reveal that the workers in this industry receive in wages only between one-third and one-fourth of the value of the products. According to statistics in the United States, where the workers on an average, get from one-fifth to one-sixth, it would appear that the share falling to the Swedish workers is larger. Still the standard of living of workers in the United States is usually much higher than that of the Swedish workers, and the only explanation of this condition is that the industry here is in a backward stage.

In nowise can the workers be blamed for the existing situation. They don't own any machinery, or any part of the industry, and to blame them, as do the capitalists here, because they insist on eating and wanting to live, is worse than foolish.

THE RAILROAD TRANSPORT INDUSTRY.

Before ten more years have passed railroads will be completed in the extreme northern part of the country as far as the borders. The only parts still lacking railroads are those most frigid and sparsely settled. The mid-section and southern part of the country is well supplied with railroads, both cross country and from north to south. At this time work is going forward on the electrification of the state-owned line from Stockholm to Gotenburg. A committee, working under government supervision, has been probing into the possibility of electrifying all roads from the middle country to the southernmost part of the country, which are, mostly, privately owned and short line roads.

This committee has demonstrated that the idea is bound to be a profitable one when carried into execution. It points out that the plan is quite feasible to take power from the hydro-electric government owned power station, and, if necessary, a part of the power generated for privately owned

power stations situated in the lower northern part of the country.

It is reasonable to look for this advance in the near future. It will result in a lowering of productive costs on an average for all production. The effect on the railroad workers will be a displacement of the skilled workers by the semi-skilled and the unskilled. Also, a reduction in the number of workers required, and greater unemployment. To what degree this is going to effect coal miners, either in England, Germany or the States, is difficult to figure out, but it is safe to say that it certainly will not make for more employment on their part, to say nothing of the possible effects on other groups necessary to the production of coal—marine transport and other workers.

In another article it is my purpose to show what effect it will have on the now existing organizations of the railroad workers.

In this industry Sweden ranks if not highest in tonnage owned, quite at the apex of its technical evolution with regard both to tonnage and horsepower. She has more Diesel-motor-driven ships than any other country and she does not intend to vacate that position in a hurry. Practically every month a motor ship with an average 6,000-tons displacement is leaving the ways at the shipyard in Gotenburg, not to mention the ones that are being built in Germany and England for Swedish ship owners. The very latest addition to this large fleet is the passenger liner "Gripsholm," a 17,000-ton vessel, and the next largest Diesel-motor-driven passenger liner in the world.

The other day two ships were launched from German shipyards, each one being of 23,000 tons. These boats were built for Swedish owners, but they are already chartered for 20 years to run between Chilean ports and those on the North Pacific as ore-carriers. Whether for the steel trust, the copper trust or any other trust is immaterial because either one will be just as hard for the workers to buck. Although hardly a million tons of shipping is owned by Swedes, still it will not be long before half of that tonnage will be motor-driven.

Naturally such an introduction of labor-saving machinery is not confined to ships. The quays and docks are being fitted out with electrical cranes and other machinery designed to displace labor, thereby sending some of the longshoremen on their way.

Throughout this industry the onward march of the machine is very much in evidence, and daily it tends to become more accelerated. Though the big shipping companies, backed by Swedish or international capital, are active in acquiring motor tonnage, the majority of the ships, being of smaller tonnage, are still steam-driven.

Many of these craft could be termed "floating coffins." And it is just that part of our merchant marine with its primitive machinery, that is used to prove that the merchant marine cannot stand any more strain in the form of higher wages, shorter hours or better conditions for the marine workers.

In the next article I shall attempt to demonstrate what effects this industrial evolution has had upon the working class in the country, and upon its organizations, the causes for the different wings on the political field, the symptoms that a decaying form of organization show, and the way out to a better world for the workers of the world.

Converted

By G. Tveit

HE was hungry, ravenously hungry. A shiver ran through his lean frame as an icy blast swept around the down-town corner and drove the chilling rain in his pale face and through garments already sodden. Yes, the rain and cold was bad, but that incessant, gnawing pang under his belt was worse. Loudly it clamoured for good, steaming hot food and vast quantities of it. And food was displayed on all sides, warehouses, shops, eatinghouses seemed bursting with it. Tempting odors assailed his nostrils from restaurants, and the tantalizing display of big brown and white loaves of bread and delicious pastries in bakery shops made his mouth water.

But,—and life held so many "buts"—his pockets were as empty as his stomach; he was penniless and friendless,—a stranger in a strange land. Also, the sacredness of private property had been inculcated in his mind too well to be flouted in a moment, even if fear of the law had reared no barrier against the instinct to satisfy his hunger at all costs; and a certain stiffnecked pride of family and education would not allow him to beg. And here he was, in the "promised land of plenty," with a good education, youth, willing to work and no mean ability—and starving.

Reminiscently he visualised the past. Happy

years at home and schools until that fateful day when a financial crisis crashed his happiness into ruins. His mother had never been strong, and the shock broke her proud heart. Within a year his father had followed her to the grave and left him alone, heavy hearted and empty handed. He wanted to escape from an environment that could awaken so many sad memories, so he came here. But misfortune seemed to dog his steps. A panic occurred shortly after his arrival, and the ensuing wave of unemployment swept the length and breadth of the country, bringing in its wake such need and suffering as he had never known existed. He was caught in the whirlpool and had struggled in vain. Try as he might, no work could be obtained, he seemed to have applied everywhere but to no avail.

Dimly he sensed that somehow his old standards and ideals had proved inadequate, unable ever to rationally explain, let alone meet, exigencies of life such as those now confronting him. Biology had shown him the struggle for existence but as a mere adumbration. Here—bereft its mantle of theoretical abstractness—it stood forth in naked, primitive, reality, grim, terrifying. Scenes he had witnessed in employment agencies and other places where work might be obtained had made

an ineradicable impression on his plastic, sensitive mind. He had been taught that diligence, thrift and integrity would inevitably lead to success and had accepted it dogmatically. But now,—how could he or any of the thousands in similar circumstances practice those estimable virtues, when the right to work was denied, when they were penniless and starving?

Immersed in thoughts, and weak from hunger and cold, he failed to dodge a big man who hurriedly tried to enter an adjacent doorway. The impact threw him off his balance and he staggered up against the wall. The big man steadied him and with an apology for his clumsiness turned to go. But something indefinable made him change his mind and subject the other to a searching glance. "Sick buddy?" he asked. There was kindness in eyes and voice. The other shook his head. "No, just a little weak." But the big man had diagnosed the case. "How long since you had anything to eat?" he inquired abruptly. The answer came simply but there was a ring of truthfulness in it, that he did not fail to notice, "Three days." The big man said something under his breath, grabbed the other's arm and started to lead him up the stairway, at the foot of which they had been standing. "I've got a housekeeping room here," he explained, "and was just going to eat before I met you. But then I had forgotten the bread and ran out to get it. Come along and we will have supper together."

Never would the starving, friendless stranger forget that simple but substantial meal and the kindness and tact displayed by his host during it and after. The big man, who acknowledged the name of Edward Brown, but insisted on being called Ed, on learning his guest's name to be Jack Wilson, promptly addressed him in the same manner of comradeship. A mutual liking speedily broke down the barriers of reserve common to so short acquaintances, and elicited their respective life stories and ideas. Conversation naturally drifted on to the prevailing unemployment, and in discussing the causes behind, Ed found a willing listener. He spoke well too, and in his exposition of this and other social phenomena, Jack found answers to many of the questions and problems that had baffled him before. Not that he accepted them without a searching, critical scrutiny! He had done so in the past, believed blindly, implicitly what he was told to believe, but that should not happen again. Yet keenly as he probed and analyzed, no flaw could he find in the other's reasoning.

Even so, it was not easy to assimilate doctrines so fundamentally opposed to those formerly entertained, nor pleasant to have one's most cherished images and idols so rudely shattered and annihilated. A few months earlier it would have been possible only in a very gradual manner; but since then life had taught him many and bitter lessons; les-

sons not included in the curriculum of any school or college.

But when Ed casually mentioned—not without a touch of pride—that he had been a member of the I. W. W. for many years, Jack received a shock. What fragmentary "facts" he had gleaned from the daily press and various magazines about that organization were not reassuring. Incredulous astonishment was apparent when he began: "But, I thought members of that organization were—" he hesitated, visibly embarrassed, and Ed laughingly supplemented:— "bombthrowers and assassins, burners of haystacks and bridges and so on and so forth; wasn't that what you thought? Well you will be able to judge for yourself after investigating us a little further. Your present idea of the I. W. W. is really the boss' idea; he merely passed it along to you knowing that it would be to his advantage to alienate your sympathy and support from an organization he hates and fears. Tomorrow I will take you up to our hall and make you acquainted. Read our literature, listen to our speakers and then decide for yourself. I am confident, that when you realise what the movement represents, its aims and objects, your former environment and upbringing, in the light of your far from being an obstacle—rather be an incentive to join our ranks."

"And in the meantime you can stay here; that bed was my partner's, but he got a job and left town yesterday, so you can use it now, and we'll manage somehow till we get work. Now, don't argue; I have made up my mind and besides, you can do as much for me some other time."

During the following week Jack took a new lease of life. When not hunting for jobs they would spend a great deal of time in the hall, where he talked with many of the members, listened to speakers and read voraciously from the library. More and more he learned to appreciate the sterling character of his benefactor and roommate, and the acquaintance—so strangely begun—ripened into a friendship that years failed to efface or destroy. And when they finally secured work, the first payday brought developments. After paying a month's room-rent and restocking their depleted larder, Jack disappeared one evening on some mysterious errand and would not allow Ed to accompany him. Some time later he returned, and with one of his infrequent smiles, showed Ed his latest purchase. It was a new, red card, liberally "decorated" on both sides and the front page bore the name: Jack Wilson. Ed rose with extended hand. "*Shake fellow worker*" I knew it was only a question of time, you could not do otherwise. And from now on, whatever the future may hold in store, you have something to work and fight for—a goal to achieve, a mission to fulfill." And as Jack's hand clasped that of his friend, he knew beyond a doubt, that this time also had Ed spoken the truth.

The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

CHAPTER VII.

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

THE human race, like every other species, has been compelled to struggle for existence. Man from the beginning has enlisted means outside of himself to aid him in his struggle to survive. He is the only species in the animal world that uses tools.

The invention and employment of tools were necessary if the race was to perpetuate itself. The tools of a period—its means of production and distribution—determined the form of human society; and the institutions by which it was supported and its affairs administered. As tools are only humanly valuable when used, society has at all times been dependent upon its tool-users—the producers.

There was unquestionably a time when man stood in the world and faced nature without any artificial aids—bare and naked—and found himself in an environment that threatened his destruction. Then necessity, animal necessity, drove him to discover and employ things outside of himself that would serve as tools and weapons. With these he was better equipped to wrest from nature a living than had hitherto been possible. Man advanced along simple lines in the employment of tools and eventually arrived at the discovery of fire. With this discovery, mankind was in a position to go forward more securely in possession of means of subsistence. The race was winning its way to permanent security, and its security depended upon those who provided and used the tools. It has ever been so.

Racial Survival Assured

In feudal times, agriculture was the basic industry but there had developed within that system an element which devoted itself to hand manufacture, and the products of this element grew to proportions when they made the means of social subsistence more plentiful. Mankind turned to this element and the feudal system was gradually superseded by capitalism, until now capitalism administers to society everywhere and provides means of subsistence in such ample measure that the survival of the race is no longer in doubt. The survival of the human race is assured. Present day society, like all previous societies, is dependent upon the productive element—the working class.

As capitalism developed from the comparatively simple tool system to modern machine methods,

there grew up an element in society—the capitalist class—which takes no active part to assist the race in its struggle to survive. On the contrary it has fastened itself upon society and lives parasitically. A parasite has no independent means of existence and exists only by attaching itself to and feeding off some other organism.

The human race in its struggle to survive must select that element which is indispensable to it, i. e., that element upon which it must depend for its means of life. The capitalist class is not that that element notwithstanding its dominance in human affairs. Our present civilization depends not upon the owners of industry, but upon those who operate the industries. When, in its morning prayers, society says, "Give us this day our daily bread," the working class must answer its petition. All that society has and all that society is, it has and holds by the grace of working class effort. If the workers do not make and use the tools of modern production, our civilization would wither and disappear; and the race would become extinct. There is no danger that this will happen; though all the forces which the capitalist masters of society can muster are employed to stay further progress the pressure of a threatened species will prove irresistible.

Progress Is With The Workers

In every species there goes on a struggle between its fit and unfit members. The fittest survive because they are necessary to the survival of the species. So, too, in human society there is going on a struggle between two elements—the capitalist class and the working class—and the fittest will conquer the unqualified. With which of these two elements can society dispense with the least disadvantage or the greatest advantage to itself? Manifestly, with the



capitalist class which, by and of itself, could not prevent the collapse of society and the elimination of the race. The capitalist class at the present stage can only function in an anti-social way. The working class, on the other hand, for its own preservation must preserve to society the means that will enable the race to survive. The abundance, which is available even to superfluity, is the product of the working class. The tools whose production and use are confined to the working class are the guarantee of social security, only while the working class attend to and produce and reproduce them. In the struggle between the classes, the social side of the contest is taken by the working class and the anti-social forces are controlled by the capitalist class. The working class stands for human progress. The capitalist class strives to hold mankind stationary.

There was a time when the capitalist class stood for human progress; when it functioned to carry the human race forward on its destined course, but having performed its mission, it is now ready for the discard. To fulfill the social destiny of mankind, the working class, which is now pre-eminently the indispensable social factor, must assume the responsibility of social guidance and administration. It must do this, not because it covets authority, but because it is imperatively necessary that it assume this responsibility.

The working class, the labor of whose hands and brains creates super-abundance, amidst which it suffers privation, must move in its own behalf. So

far as it is conscious of saving society, it is only that it must save society to secure itself. It has behind it all the pressure that the human species can exert. This pressure is not evident, yet it is there.

"The World For The Workers"

But the working class must prepare itself to take over the social means of subsistence and to administer them. The workers must organize themselves as they are arranged around the machinery of production. From the highest executive to the last laborer, they must unite to construct the new social organism. As stated earlier in this article, the manual workers, as the greatest sufferers under the present regime, must take the initiative to bring about the revolutionary social change. As the industrial proletariat organizes and conquers power, it will compel other working class elements to associate themselves with it. It will draw to itself all the essential productive elements and mold them into the new industrial society. This society, the Industrial Workers of the World, is the only organization in the world which has envisaged and constructed it in embryo. Because of the forces behind its program, the I. W. W. is potentially the greatest labor organization of all time. Never before have workers essayed as daring a social role. The future belongs to the workers through this organization or science is a fraud and history a lie.

"The world for the workers."

[THE END.]

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Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

This is the California Story for the Month
It Tells it All

ROLL CALL

CALIFORNIA'S CLASS WAR PRISONERS

MEMBERS IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON

NAME	No.	NAME	No.
Pat Casey	35563	C. J. Smith	38131
M. J. Dunn	35564	G. J. Terrill	38132
George Ryan	35567	Joe Varella	38133
Henry Matlin	35717	H. M. Edwards	38292
James Olson	35718	Tom O'Mara	38293
F. Sherman	35768	Jack Nash	38294
Omar J. Eaton	36627	Bert Kyler	38307
R. W. Minton	37492	W. Rutherford	38308
P. Mellman	37627	C. Pedersen	38360
F. Franklin	37635	A. G. Ross	38361
James Martin	37636	A. Bratland	38363
Frank Bailey	37647	B. Johanson	38364
Wm. Joozdeff	37649	A. E. Anderson	38376
John Orlando	37650	Ivan Barnes	38530
C. A. Drew	37654	Fred Bamman	38531
Frank Cox	37701	Roy Carter	38533
C. F. McGrath	37702	Roy House	38535
R. Kuilman	37703	E. D. McNassor	38536
Joe Vargo	37752	W. H. Wright	38537
H. Cederholm	38108	Ed Dawe	38578
J. B. Childs	38109	F. W. Thompson	38579
Ernest Erickson	38112	H. B. Stewart	38794
H. R. Hanson	38114	J. C. Allen	39343
Francis Hart	38115	Wm. Bryan	39344
Pierre Jans	38117	L. V. French	39345
J. J. Johnson	38118	W. Longstreth	39346
T. O. Kleiberg	38119	John McRae	39347
W. Kohrs	38120	A. Nicholson	39348
James LaLonde	38122	Henry Powell	39349
Wm. Minton	38124	R. V. Taylor	39350
F. McClelligan	38125	D. C. Russell	39458
J. Pugh	38126	John Bruns	40054
G. Roeschlau	38128	Jack Beavert	40628

MEMBER IN LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, P. O. BOX 7

Wm. Burns 22356

MEMBERS IN FOLSOM PRISON

Joe Clohessy	Louis Allen
Herman Suhr	C. J. Sullivan
James Price	P. J. Gordon
James McLaughlin	John Hiza
Joe Wagner	H. C. Duke
Leo Stark	Earl Firey

These Men are Giving Their Very Lives! Have You Given a Donation?

For further information communicate with

THE CALIFORNIA BRANCH, GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Box 574, San Francisco, California